VOLUME 155 NUMBER 16

OUTLOOK
and Independent

August 20, 1930

Looking Forward 601
Frontispiece: The Voice of the People 602

Articles

Master Thinker ..... *Virgilia Peterson Ross* 603
Santa Fé's New Conquistadores ..... *Sally Saunders* 607
I'm a College Boy, Ma'am ..... *Raymond F. Howes* 610
Sleeve Laughing in Italy ..... *Percy Winner* 620
The Stream of Business ..... *Frank A. Fall* 623
Just Stations ..... *T. R. Ybarra* 624
An Even Break for Sir Thomas ..... *William Waldron Swan* 625
At the Bottom Looking Up ..... *William O. Scroggs* 626

The Trend of Events 612

Backstage in Washington ..... *A. F. C.* 618

Editorial

Mr. Hoover Emerges ..... *The Editors* 619

The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books 627
When Summer Comes ..... *Allen W. Porterfield* 627
The Week's Reading ..... *Virgilia Peterson Ross* and *Ben Wasson* 628
Behind the Blurbs ..... *Walter R. Brooks* 630
Population Problems ..... *John Carter* 631
The Movies ..... *Creighton Peet* 632
From the Life ..... *Ibby Hall* 633
"Pop" Hart ..... *Arthur Strawn* 634
With Our Readers 639

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LOOKING FORWARD

HAMILTON HOLT, former Editor of the Independent, returning from Europe makes some sage observations on the differences between our system of education and that in vogue in Europe. The main difference, he says, is that the European student is trained to think, while the American is largely trained to remember.

MOST AMERICANS will agree that Dr. Holt's statement is largely true of American university courses, with the exception perhaps of the last year or so. It is most certainly true of the ordinary American graduate, whose education has been considered finished upon matriculation. He can remember a good deal. But in the ability to think, to approach new intellectual problems or ideas, he is fairly deficient.

THIS FACT manifests itself in various ways. One is the increasing tendency to mass ideas and mob opinion, as opposed to the once individualistic character of American thinking. Another is the increasing dissatisfaction with the rewards of life voiced by educated men who are old enough to have made their mark in the world, and perhaps their fortunes.

GRADUALLY it is being recognized that basically all our education is along purely intellectual lines, and not at all along emotional ones. Emotionally, we are as ignorant about ourselves and our capacities as so many savages. Intellectually, therefore, we are able to construct a magnificent mechanical world which we have not the ability to enjoy. Leisure too often spells unhappiness.

IT IS THE PROBLEM of the future to remedy this. Psychology and psychoanalysis already point one way by which this may be accomplished. Perhaps in another thousand years, provided our civilization lasts that long, we may begin to understand ourselves sufficiently to enjoy ourselves and our world. Meanwhile, it is a question that will stand examination by thoughtful men and women whose sons and daughters are now growing up.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

August 20, 1930

Master Thinker

Portrait of Arthur Brisbane

By VIRGILIA PETERSON ROSS

The latest celebrity to sit for the Outlook's gallery of moulders of opinion, speaks to an audience of 6,000,000 people a day. He has been content, on the whole, to echo William Randolph Hearst, whom he follows. But he conceives it important that people shall "think," and so he tries to stimulate thought

WHEN, a short time ago, one of the weekly publications brought out a portrait of Arthur Brisbane in which the strength of his jaw was somewhat idealized, he wrote a grateful note to the artist saying "Alas! my chin will never be like that." Brisbane is conscious of limitations. He does not believe himself a man of genius. But he does believe that, next in importance after geniuses, come those who prompt the world to "think." To belong to this class he has devoted a lifetime of kinetic energy.

Feeling, as he does, that the newspaper is the principal literature of the United States, he has succeeded in making it a medium for reaching an average of six million people a day. Two hundred daily papers and fifteen hundred weeklies carry his efforts to "stimulate thought" across the country. As the editor of *The Evening Journal,* the columnist of the *New York American,* and the *alter ego* of Mr. Hearst, this enterprising oracle, Arthur Brisbane, nurtures the brain of the multitudes from his fount of general information, cheerful saws, and inside tips on the way to attain prosperity, success, and, consequently, happiness.

SOME ONE has said that "Brisbane honestly desires to think well of the common people. That is why he never associates with them." Even if he had the inclination, he could not find the time. His business, the manufacturing of ideas, which pays him $250,000 a year, keeps him working without let-up. He serves a god of time. "Utilize every moment to the last extent of your power and the world will be better for your living." Acting upon this religion, he travels over the country in a compartment with his dictaphone or in his limousine with an ediphone. He does not stop to write down his editorials. It might waste the all too brief and consuming moments which he hates to let slip through his fingers. He murmurs his messages for the world into the responsive mouthpiece of his machine, doing a column in twenty minutes, and these messages, now become records, can be played at any time by one of his three secretaries. Thus he can turn out some seven hundred editorials a year, including the column "Today" and the Sunday articles which appear under a large cartoon in the *Journal.* Upon one occasion, when he was leaving New York, he is said to have dictated forty editorials in one day.

Obviously, in order to elaborate the timely news and to reinforce his opinions with quotations from sages perhaps more widely known than himself, he has a bounteous background of information. He is also gifted with a memory. At school in France, when he was fifteen, he entered, without preparation, a class of boys specially trained in Latin and won the prize by a perfect recitation of which he understood not a word. Whether or not it could be called an intellectual success, it was undeniably a mechanical one. This equipment of memory has stood him in good stead. He remembers something about almost everything. If he remembers only a fragment, he has a library of reference books, quotations, and data from which his secretaries can dig up the remaining pieces. In this way he maintains a reputation for accuracy. He is somewhat the type of person who, at a dinner table, will ask if any one present has studied some ancient scholar and, if his hearers bow their heads in ignorance, will go on to say that on page *x* of volume *y* they can find such and such a statement. The chances are that no one will go to verify him. Rather people will stay to revere him. But in his papers he tries to be exact, while admitting that he lacks time to be studious. He concedes that the public is only influenced by him from day to day.

BRISBANE is today the highest paid editor in the world. His salary, combined with the fortune in real estate he has been able to amass, evidently compensates him for playing echo, eternally, to the publisher he serves. Since 1897, when he signed the sheet of blue notepaper holding his original contract with Hearst, he has shown himself steadily content with the game of follow the leader. If it carries him far from the path he would naturally follow, if it sends him up blind alleys and into tangled mazes, he does not rebel. The prizes awarded are worth the chase. Years ago, at the beginning

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of his long alliance, he said that most rich men let their money think for them. "For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" quoted Brisbane, and then he went on to say that "the man wastes his soul who devotes its forces only to accumulating wealth." Now, hot-foot after new deals, bigger investments, and juicier gamblings, he says: "Once a man with $1,000,000 was considered rich. To be REALLY 'rich,' now, you need $1,000,000 a year." Is there not beneath these words, the panting breath of the hunter? This is the man who, born of an internationally known Socialist, served his apprenticeship to life in the finest European schools under the aegis of a rare and ripened cultural philosophy.

Keystone

William Randolph Hearst and Arthur Brisbane

BRISBANE was born in Buffalo in 1864. As a small child he went to live in Farnum, New Jersey, where he studied in a country school whose young teacher, later to become a Columbia professor, believed in the boy's high promise. His father, Alfred Brisbane, was a benefactor to Brook Farm and a reformer whose views were much discussed abroad. He decided to send his thirteen-year-old son to Europe for five years of intensive schooling. The boy's precocious ability was to be fertilized and made to bloom in some brilliant career.

In 1882, Brisbane went on the staff of the New York *Sun*. He was a dashing, energetic youth of eighteen, the youngest reporter Charles Dana ever hired. One of the men he worked with said of him, afterwards, that he found his feet in a short time and "came out of his trance like a shot from a gun." Thus began the dynamic career of the man, so splendid with promise, who was later to make a deep dent in journalistic tradition.

Under Dana he learned to write editorials which, for their pithiness, conciseness, and dramatic clarity, bordered upon literature. Brisbane, who has not only a talent for oratorical punching but also, at one time, could punish opponents in the squared circle with good left hooks, covered the fight between John L. Sullivan and Charley Mitchell at Chantilly. His two column story was a triumph. He became London correspondent for the paper. Then, at twenty-three, he was made editor of the *Evening Sun*. From 1890 till 1897, Brisbane was the managing editor of different editions of the New York *World*. During this time he adventured with so many fantastic ideas that Pulitzer had to order him to stop, nor would he allow Brisbane to sign an independent editorial opinion. Pulitzer being abroad, Brisbane tried to write with a column of his own making, but received a cable cancelling it. A short time after this cable, Hearst made Brisbane an offer to become editor of the New York *Evening Journal* at $200 a week, plus a bonus of $1 a week per thousand increased circulation. Brisbane accepted. This seemingly modest arrangement brought him $52,000 in the first two years, thanks to his initiative, his skill, and his knowledge of crowds. How much he has accumulated since then it would be hard to estimate. But from the moment when he signed himself to Hearst, Brisbane's abundant *élan vital* has continued to pour itself lavishly into the omnivorous presses of yellow journalism.

YELLOW journalism is designed to reach the people. Some one said that it is to the working man "what vaudeville is to the higher classes." "In a busy nation," says Brisbane, "the first necessity is to attract attention." Also, "it is not possible for the individual to invent a working language, but he may make it more effective by loud talking, or individuality of style." On this assumption he has created an "incessant drumfire" of eloquent paragraphs, combining short, peremptory sentences with startlingly accented words in large type. His style has had a definite influence on other papers. Glancing down his column you find, for example:

A solemn date at the top of yesterday's newspaper, "December 31," told the civilized world that the year was dying. It is dead now. TOO LATE to undo anything.

But NOT TOO LATE to make up for neglect or failure. There is comfort.

The method is intended to start in his readers a geyser of individual thought sprung from the source of his perennial optimism. He backs sensationalism, to his last intellectual gasp, on the ground that "every effort to conserve the rights of the people or of the individual is bound to be a sensational effort." In reality, therefore, his papers are, in their colorful way, the true expression of altruism.

Once, some years ago, at a dinner Brisbane, who was deeply interested in New York politics and had been, in 1912, Tammany's choice for Representative to Congress, made a speech before Senator Grady, in which he called Tammany a "corrupt medley" with "red faced, thick-necked grafters." The Senator rose in wrath and invoked the spirit of justice against the *Journal*. He said that the *Journal* holds up to men a prosperity that can never be realized because its gospel is the gospel of discontent. He went so far as to add that, instead of its present news, it should print a

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sporting-day biography of its editor. Then, fearing that Brisbane might take the insinuation to himself, he explained that he referred to Mr. Hearst, as he, for one, did not believe that Brisbane had any.

Brisbane, during his career on the *Journal,* has been involved in several libel suits. One was brought by Adolph Ochs, who claimed that Brisbane had intimated that he was under the control of August Belmont. In the defense, Brisbane explained that he had been quoting from Pope about "the dull ox"! On libel, Brisbane says that "little fellows are hurt by falsehoods in the press; big people are hurt by nothing except the unpleasant truth." There again, although in the main he upholds accuracy, he is able to condone inaccuracy in behalf of sensationalism. According to Heywood Broun, Brisbane once observed that sensational journalism was also the method of heaven, so, Broun goes on to say, "perhaps he meant that some of our best sunsets are yellow."

In 1906, Brisbane published a book called *Editorials from the Hearst Newspapers,* containing his own work over a period of four years. The range of subjects covers planets and babies, immortality and alcoholism, woman's duty and the secret of success, the character of God, and the trusts versus the labor unions. This is how he explains the difference between trusts and unions:

> You see a horse after a hard day's work grazing in a swampy meadow. He has done his duty and is getting what he can in return.
>
> On the horse's flank you may see a leech sucking blood.
>
> The *leech* is the *trust.*
>
> The *horse* is the labor *union.*

Throughout this all-encompassing variety, through forceful passages and familiar aphorisms, flows the tide of his impregnable, undefeated, optimistic generalization. His interests are diffuse. His knowledge skates over a vast number of things. His opinions seem, at times, inconsistent; to wit when he talks of economics, expatiating alike on the wastage of poverty and of wealth. Yet, taken as a whole, these editorials are homogeneous. They spring from the fathomless source of his ambition to win people, to be an influence, to make himself trenchantly felt. While many of them are culled from the gardens others have planted, while some of them are repetitious, and many are banal, they show a striving, on his part, toward real analysis.

Later, with the rush of political events—Hearst's campaign for Mayor through which Brisbane chanted his praise, exploited his virtues, talked of his "higher and purer methods"—then with the advent of the War, the defeating of Wilson in the election of 1920, and the bitter match of power between Al Smith and Hearst, Brisbane seems to have changed texture. From generalities he was pinned down to facts, to definite stands. Here, in his work during these fiery years, it is almost impossible to gauge how much or how little he has said independently. As Hearst's trusty, as his *fidus Achates,* it would not perhaps be altogether false to assume that in most cases he has been but his master's voice.

A few years ago Brisbane said that "Newspapers must adhere to the truth. Their function is to express public opinion—in some cases to change public opinion." In the light of his faith in himself as a stimulator and an educator, in the light of his constant dialectics on morals, popular sciences, and current doings, and in the light of his prompt championship of Hearst's attitude during the War, the truth of his statement seems to lie chiefly in the last clause—"in some cases to change public opinion." For the rest, behold a rather dazzling inconsistency.

From the outset of the War, the Hearst papers bent their energies to impress America with its need for self-protection. The center of interest upon which they focussed was not the battlefields of the Continent. It was the coasts of the United States, exposed, they trumpeted, to an impending army of destruction. Hearst declared: "I cannot get so violently excited as some people over the possible effect in Europe of this present War." Simultaneously, editorials attributed to Brisbane appeared in which he, according to other papers, "set up a scarecrow labelled 'England' in the field of honor, turned another ally, Japan, into a bogeyman, and called for the pacifying, organizing, and absorbing of our Southern neighbor, Mexico." Kenneth MacGowan, in his 1918 campaign against Hearst, in the *Tribune,* accused him of being a "sinister and pro-German proprietor of the press," trying to keep the United States from joining the Allies. Hearst, according to MacGowan, called for peace at the moment when German armies had penetrated France. Hearst deflected interest toward Mexico, where he owns cattle ranches. Hearst extenuated the sinking of the Lusitania.

When America finally declared war, Hearst sought to keep American soldiers from the Western Front. And Brisbane, the faithful, backing Hearst's personal hatred of England, caught up the cry. "How many millions do we want to spend, how many do we want to kill, in order to get not only the peace that would satisfy us, but the peace that would satisfy England and other

Ewing Galloway

"BRISBANE BOULEVARD"
The richest district in New York: 57th Street, looking east from Fifth Avenue

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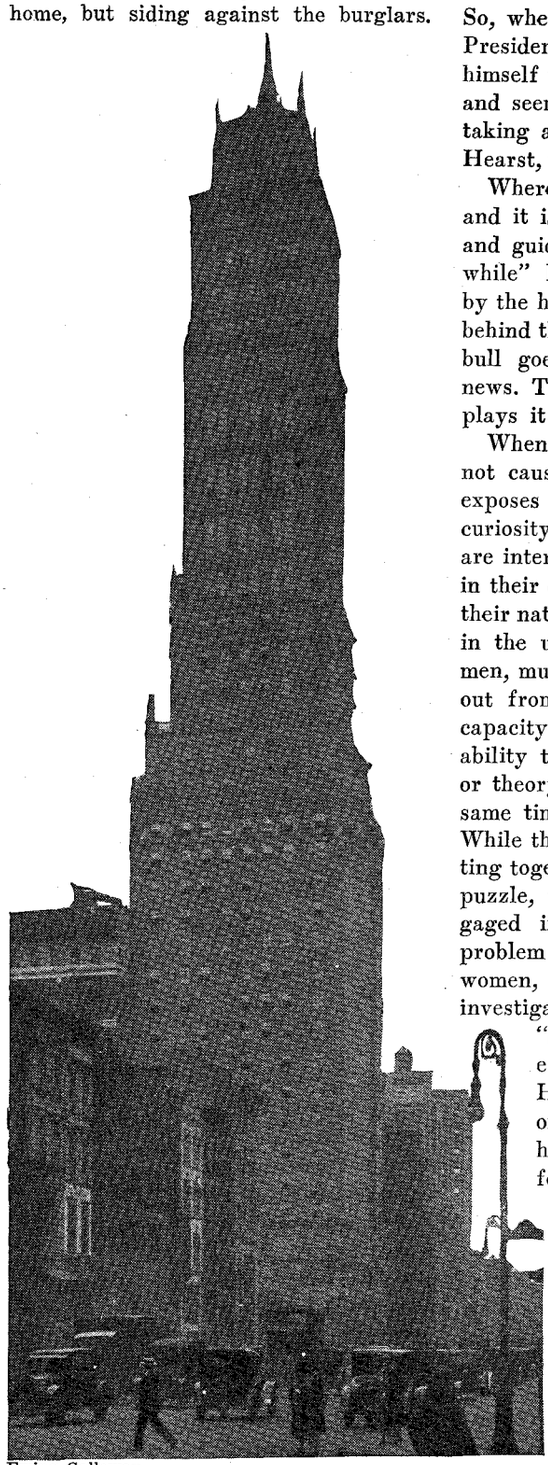
Allies?" And elsewhere: "PRICES UP in America—DOWN in England. A LITTLE PUZZLING, AS WE ARE FEEDING ENGLAND." In Washington, in the midst of it, Brisbane tried to prevent shipment of food to the Allies on the plea of the starving American children—part of the Hearst policy. Later, through the power of Hearst's money, he managed to get into France, in spite of the embargo, and "cover the Continent."

About the time when criticism of Hearst's attitude was being kindled, Brisbane wrote an editorial saying that Christ's rebellious mind caused His crucifixion and that today He would have been jailed by corporation lawyers. This, although it was in no way directly connected with Hearst, might easily be taken as a passionate defense. For incriminations of England, for exhortations to the people of the United States to stay home and build submarines and planes, for insidious doubts of the Allies planted so carefully in the editorials there exists an echo from Brisbane. Wake up, America! "DIENST, ORDNUNG, KRAFT," to these Germany owes her power, cries Brisbane. Underneath the import of the words lies a staunch loyalty, not necessarily insincere, to what can only be explained as Hearst's private grievances.

In 1917 Brisbane bought the *Washington Times* and became its editor. He was accused of writing pro-German editorials. He denied it. An investigation began. It was found that Brisbane had borrowed $375,000 from a New Jersey brewer named Feigenspan who, as a member of the United States Brewers' Association, had connection with the National German-American Alliance, which was suspect. Feigenspan loaned the money, it seems, without interest or security, because Brisbane stood in favor of light wines and beers on the liquor question. Hearst refused all responsibility in the affair. Brisbane exculpated himself on the basis of his attitude toward prohibition. The investigation, undertaken feverishly, with a hue and cry of alarm, suddenly ended. He afterwards sold the *Washington Times* to Hearst.

For presidential campaigns, Brisbane turns reporter. When, after the War, in 1920, Harding ran against Wilson, the Hearst papers attacked Wilson in unison. Anti-Wilson, anti-League of Nations was their cry. They were chiefly interested in Harding as his opponent. "Let us reject Wilsonism and internationalism." "The house of Democracy has been invaded by European interests." In an editorial which he called "For Jewish Mothers," Brisbane wrote: "A VOTE AGAINST THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS is a VOTE AGAINST THE POGROM." He illustrated his view-point in another article thus:

When a man returns to his own home and finds it in possession of burglars, he joins the police in an effort to put them out. This is not siding against his own home, but siding against the burglars.



Ewing Galloway

The Ritz Tower

Alongside of the presidential campaign, Al Smith was running for Governor. Smith's denunciation of Hearst may have had something to do with such notices as:

You vote for the women and for the children and for the welfare of all men if you vote against Al Smith for Governor.

Explain that to your friends.

So, when Al Smith was nominated for President, although Brisbane declared himself without religious discrimination and seemed to avoid as far as possible taking a stand, he had to fall in with Hearst, who hated the Tammany Tiger.

Where the battles are public, then, and it is no longer a matter of advice and guides on the highroad to "worthwhile" living, Brisbane takes no bull by the horns. Rather he peeks out from behind the fence to watch which way the bull goes, then rushes to spread the news. That is the rôle he prefers. He plays it with extraordinary agility.

When it comes to questions which will not cause a blaze, however, he gladly exposes himself. He possesses an avid curiosity. He says that while some men are interested in their front yard, some in their community, some in their state, their nation, or the world, *he* is absorbed in the universe. He cares little about men, much about planets. He is singled out from other men by this powerful capacity for taking in, this startling ability to pounce upon some new fact or theory and make it his own. At the same time he keeps an eye for detail. While the back of his mind is busy putting together the pieces of the universal puzzle, the surface of it may be engaged in anything from solving the problem of dissatisfied, middle-aged women, by setting them to work, to investigating the Millikan rays which "break up millions of atoms in each of our bodies every second." He claims to keep two libraries, one that he has read and one that he hopes to read, and admits to feeling somewhat like Voltaire who was ashamed of six thousand annotated books, because they were too few. He has lined the walls of his office at the *Journal* with glass bookcases kept padlocked. He recommends, for simple diet, such tomes as Guizot's *History of Civilization*, *The Golden Bough*, *The*

(Please Turn to Page 636)

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▶▶ Santa Fé's New Conquistadores ◀◀

By SALLY SAUNDERS

THERE once lived in Santa Fé, New Mexico, a very dear old lady, transplanted from some pleasant spot in the middle west by a series of circumstances unrelated to the Arts. She never knew about or cared for the Old World charms of the town. Her middle-class, middle-western reaction to Santa Fé was a shake of her head and the comment, "There's too many high dirt walls in this town. Folks must be up to something to build them so high. They make me fidgety. Not a very friendly place with all those walls."

Recently a dramatist came to Santa Fé with a plan in mind of completing a play while there. He had money, some distinction and an Oxford accent. He left in a month's time completely worn out by the intensive social and sight-seeing whirl which had revolved about him steadily since his arrival.

"It's the friendliest town on earth, but one simply doesn't do any work there, does one?" was his sincere observation.

A very poor and very young artist hitch-hiked half way across a continent to Santa Fé. He found that he could live cheaply there in spectacular discomfort with a friendly Spanish-American family; could wear old or fantastic clothes without arousing undue interest and could charge groceries with astounding ease of credit. He found other young artists about the town and with them he worked and played with the detached insouciance young artists the world over consider the proper atmosphere. During Fiesta time in September, he worked on the decorating committee and was paid enough to settle his bills and to drift eastward.

"It's a swell place," he says. "Nobody cares what you do or say or paint. Every one was nice to us from the big guys on the Camino to the Spanish-Americans. We'll be back next Spring."

Two middle-aged school teachers came to Santa Fé, rented a little adobe house and discovered the Indians. They loaded themselves with Navajo jewelry. They filled their casa with shiny black pottery from the Santa Clara Pueblo. Their presence at an Indian dance was as inevitable as the dust storms which swirl about these ceremonies. They made a few friends among the other expatriates and at Fiesta time emerged from their comparative obscurity to parade the Plaza in amazing versions of Spanish dancing girls' costumes. They left Santa Fé sadly. They had found there the lure of the exotic, within the easily reached boundaries of their native land. They will come back.

THE point of these reactions above recorded being that there is no possible way in which to generalize about Santa Fé. The wisdom of its Commercial Club (it has one!) in calling it the "City Different" is justified by a five minutes' conversation on the subject of the town with five individuals. Every one reacts differently to the town, but every one reacts.

Long ago Santa Fé's name was "The City of Holy Faith of St. Francis of Assisi" (Villa de Santa Fé de San Francisco d'Assisi). In the early seventeenth century, it was a little soft brown cluster of adobe houses and barracks sunk modestly into the foothills of the Sangre de Cristo mountains. The soldiers from Spain yielded the town, in time, to the priests, the Franciscan Brethren, whose faith gave the town its name. The Santa Fé trail brought commerce and vitality to the place, but the Santa Fé railroad missed it by some twenty-five miles and the commerce and vitality of the forty-niners subsided gently enough under the lovely ultra-violet rays of its sunshine and the natural lethargic temperament of its citizens.

Risking a generality one may say that with the turn of the century a new faith was beginning to make itself felt there and is still abroad in the town, no longer faith in the ecclesiastical sense, but a faith none the less. It amounted to a belief in the Arts, a faith in the need of Æsthetics, a faith in the necessity for a spot dedicated to the growth and fulfillment of the creative spirit, a place free from the strictures of the Mechanical Age. The town became actually art-minded despite the fact that it was the Capital of the state and despite the fact that the larger part of its population consisted of Spanish speaking descendants of the Conquistadores who regarded the manifestations of this new faith with complacent indifference.

This faith still is practically demonstrated by many of the merchants of the town who extend artistic credit to touching lengths and by the City Fathers who refuse to allow street cars to wind about the town and docilely reject all measures to straighten out the meandering burro trails which serve for thoroughfares. Sign boards are kept off of the low pinon studded hills, adobe walls are never placarded with festive notices and the police force is extremely unobtrusive. Thus the City of Holy Faith continues to challenge the ever threatening advance of high-pressure existence bearing down upon it from the East and the West.

Perhaps it was Governor Lew Wallace sitting in a cool room of the adobe Palace of the Governors, writing *Ben Hur,* who led to the advent of the Arts in Santa Fé. Forty years ago, at any rate, Santa Fé was not exactly a cultural center. I am the fortunate confidante of a very charming lady who lived there at that time. Her memories of those Neo-Cultural days are vivid and accurate. It was, she dotes on confessing, a wild town then, with saloons, gambling hells and *worse* abounding. She was greeted upon her arrival there over the newly laid tracks of the Santa Fé (which had dropped her at Lamy, to be sure) by a procession of eight hundred Indians marching down College Street. A final proof of the artless character of the town at that time is my friend's modest admission that she was the first artist in Santa Fé. She still has a few pieces of china decorated with very realistic fruit to give credence to her assertion.

When the new Conquistadores arrived in sufficient quantities to change the tempo of the town is a matter of conjecture. Artists are wont to pioneer into places of natural beauty and simplicity, i. e., inexpensiveness. Either this method prevails or else they barricade themselves into a fastness of a great metropolis. Artists began drifting into Santa Fé because it was scenically very enchanting and because its frontier days were not far enough away to make it insist upon its citizens shaving and wearing white collars.

The town folk, many of whom were more Spanish than Anglo-Saxon, regarded these newcomers with friendly or indifferent eyes. They were not unduly impressed by a man or woman who proclaimed himself or herself an artist; differing in that respect somewhat from

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the dazed attitude one sees displayed today among club-women and their male prototypes in the presence of an artist. They liked the likable artists and let the others alone. They did not consider any man mad who painted all day long. Didn't their own Tony carve little rabbits and birds out of pine all day long for his living? Didn't old man Vigil consider that he had made a good year of it if he managed to sell one-half of his output of carved and painted santos? Sometimes the pictures were funny (they have been growing funnier lately), but the artists as neighbors were most acceptable.

The Camino del Monte Sol was started some twelve years ago, the *Cinque Pincturos,* it was then called, a cluster of five little adobe studios, huddled together on the top of a hill overlooking the town. Five artists lived there and formed the original nucleus for the entire art colony. Frank Applegate was the prime mover of this communal group and he still lives near the Camino in one of the most beautiful houses in the town. Willard Nash, Joseph Bakos, Will Shuster, and Andrew Dasburg were the other members of the original group. They still live there. Mary Austin built on the Camino, enhancing the importance of the street, and the Howard Pattersons came from Paris to settle there. Five years ago, the street, the Camino del Monte Sol, was included in every sightseer's itinerary. First one must see the oldest church in America, then the Camino, and one had done Santa Fé.

Naturally, more artists came and settled in Santa Fé, and the Camino no longer claimed them all. Witter Bynner and Gus Bauman had built their houses on the other side of town. Nordfeldt chose a site far from the Camino, and Albert Schmidt and Van Soelen settled in lovely Tesuque, five miles away from the Camino and Santa Fé, but still the Camino was the center, the headquarters of the artist colony of the Southwest. When the Texas club women, athirst for culture, petitioned the City Fathers of Santa Fé to be allowed to settle there in great droves for a summer camp, it was from the Camino that the ultimatum came. No, said Mary Austin and the rest. The Texas club women retired, more convinced than ever that one of the hills about Santa Fé was Parnassus.

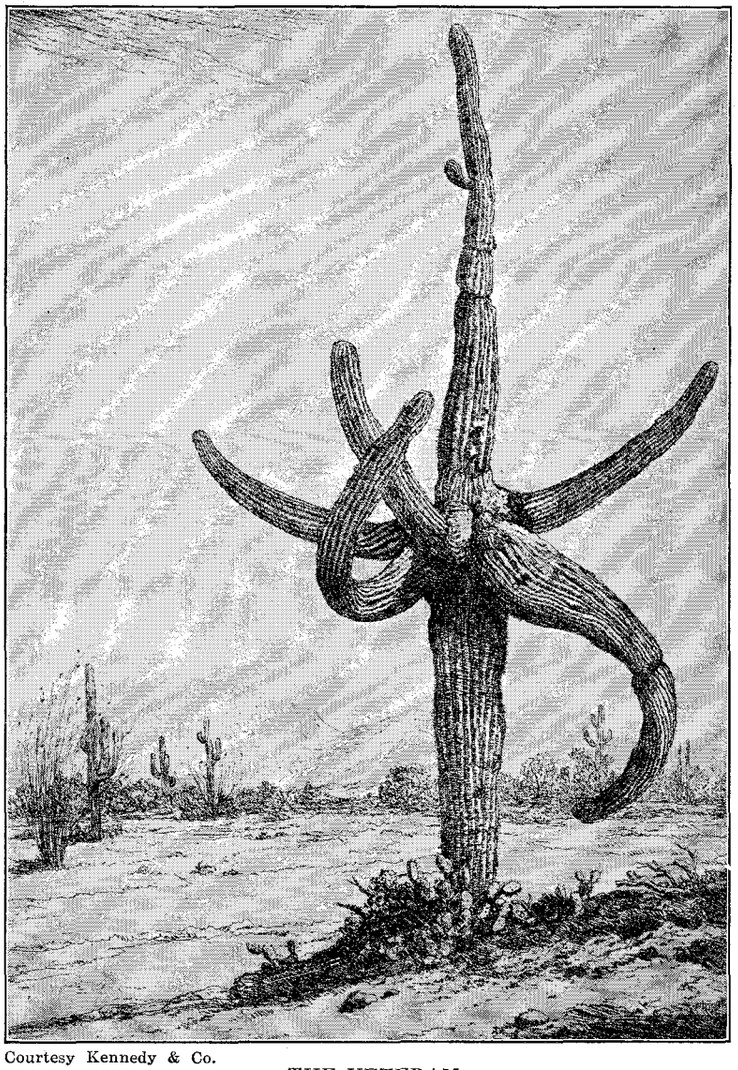
Witter Bynner's house, standing on a little eminence, became one of the town's leading features, rivalling the Camino in interest. Bynner's hospitality was a real and vital factor in building up the reputation Santa Fé was acquiring as a haven for the intellectuals and æsthetes. One went to Bynner's for tea with the happy conviction that somewhere in the rambling handsome interior of his house one would come upon a bona fide celebrity, a Van Vechten, a Millay, a Jo Davidson. Or else there would be some one there, a young person, whose promise of greatness was as exciting as the presence of those whose greatness had been achieved.

It was Bynner, John Sloan and Dolly Sloan who infused into the Fiesta charm, dignity and humor, making the occasion a unique and perhaps important contribution to the æsthetic development of American folk lore.

And the town, dimly aware of its new found raison d'etre, embraced these great and near great in friendly nonchalance. Poets, Artists, Dukes, Princesses, Countesses, began arriving to stay. The Spanish-Americans and the old settlers accepted them calmly and cheerfully. Santa Fé remained, despite this cosmopolitan influx, a small town. A gossipy small town, geographically isolated from the world and having among its inhabitants some very choice subjects for conversation. Gossip in Santa Fé is apt to sound very distinguished, due to the names involved, but it remains gossip, small town variety, none the less, and is enjoyable or deadly dull, according to individual tastes.

There are, of course, men and women living there who are working and enjoying themselves and who manage to escape the cyclonic swirls of good times and resulting gossip that sweep periodically about the town—an escape not always easily managed. Evelyn Scott and her husband, John Metcalfe, both working on new books, found it necessary to place a small card on their front door, stating firmly that they were working and that their friends were expected to take their desire for uninterrupted quiet seriously. Phyllis and Cyril Kay-Scott bought a delightful old house far from the center of town; one of its charms for them being the fact that its relative remoteness saved them from too many social complications.

Bohemianism, via Greenwich Village, via



Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

THE VETERAN
An etching by A. L. Groll

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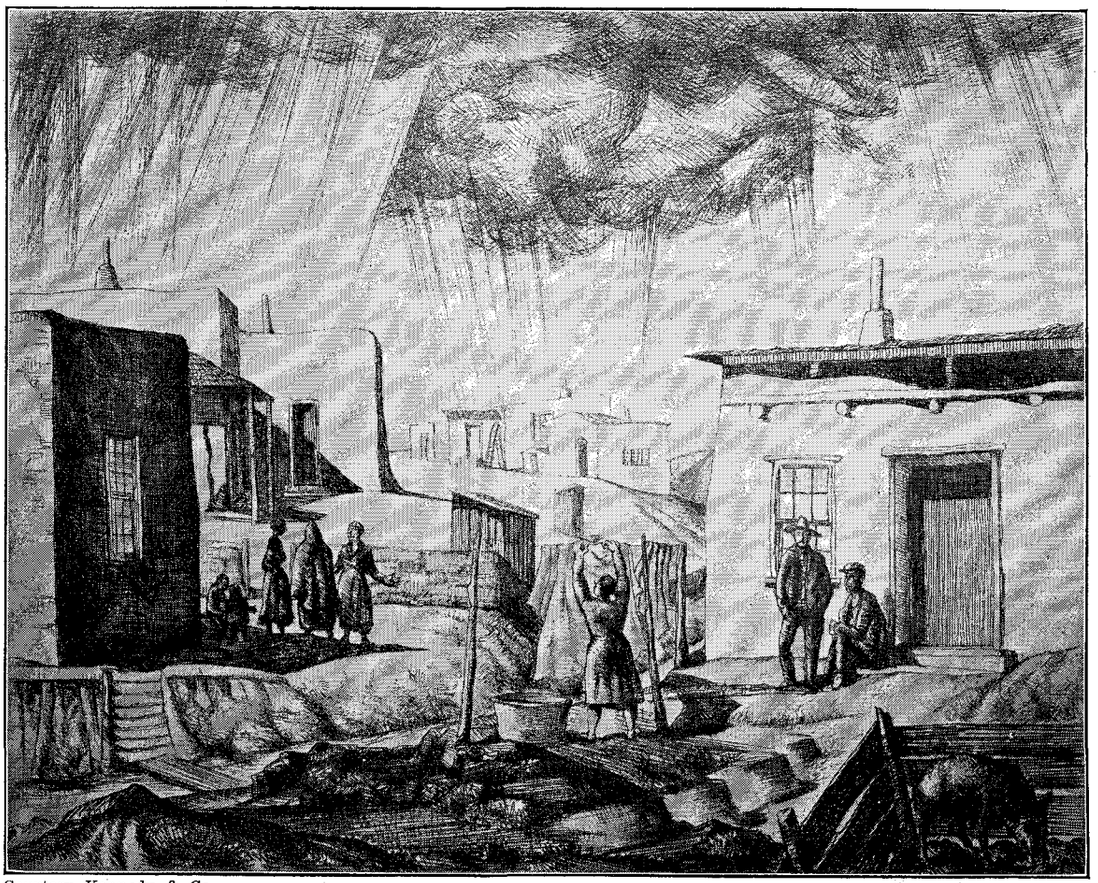
the Left Bank, has made some appearances in the Southwest. It is an incongruous manifestation amid the tawny mesas and mountains of the land. Young men and women arrive with the avowed intention of interpreting the Southwest on canvas, in sonnets or in terse prose, and begin by going native, largely in the matter of dress. They take to Indian jewelry and velvet jackets or to cowboy regalia, and their interpretation of the Southwest does not get much farther than these external gestures. One young man, with an unpublished novel to his credit, married a nice little Navajo girl, and for a time rather eclipsed the other members of the local Bohemia. The Indian maid is now happily restored to her people and the young man is in Paris.



Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

HILLSIDE
An etching by Bror J. G. Nordfeldt

Poets stride bare-headed about the town and give, now and then, poetry readings in the homes of sympathetic ladies. Poets discuss the Waste Land until the stars pale over the Sangre de Cristo Mountains. For all of the poets and painters writing and painting furiously about the place, perhaps it will never receive more intelligent and sympathetic interpretation than it has already had from the Indians in their songs and dances, or from the Spanish-Americans in their Chimayo blankets.

In Taos, seventy-five miles from Santa Fé, another art colony flourishes with conditions and environment similar to those in Santa Fé and a bit more intensified by the smallness of the place. Mabel Dodge Lujan lives in Taos in one of the most beguiling houses in the world and it is largely due to her interest in the æsthetics that Taos can pride itself on the presence of Georgia O'Keefe, Marin, Robinson Jeffers, and in recent past, of D. H. Lawrence.

Of all the Pueblo Indians, those living in the Taos Pueblo are the most picturesque with their white sheets draped over their heads or about their hips, but they are outdone on their own home ground by the picturesqueness of the Taos artists. For years now the Taos artists have been painting the Indians. As yet there has been no retaliation on their part, but the Indians are too keen not to have noticed the increase of the more fantastic appearing members of the white race in Taos in recent years. They must, in time, give expression to their amusement.

If one wants to watch a parade of unparalleled interest, one must park a car in the Taos plaza, the same plaza to which Kit Carson was accustomed to come after a day's work. On the sidewalk around the plaza the parade will pass continually—Indians swathed in sheets, a white man wearing a pink polo shirt, a beret and a scarf knotted about his neck, a tall slender lady in whipcord jodhpurs, a ten-gallon hat carrying a canvas, two Spanish-American women with black robozas over their heads, more Indians, a white gentleman meticulously clad in blue serge (one of the best artists in the place), a brace of youths in checked shirts and gaudy bandanas discussing art in loud tones, a trim courier with a band of tourists in her wake, more Indians, and so on the day long.

Ward Lockwood, a young artist living in Taos, is, so far as I know, the only artist there who has seen the humor and pathos of that daily pageant about the Taos plaza. His pictures, and he has done several in this theme, catch the amazing aspect of the place with nicely tempered sardonic tenderness. He has not been content with shutting himself up in a studio with a bored Indian for a model, but has gotten out and seen for himself and recorded that of all the queer combinations in the world, one of the queerest is that of the arty-artists and the self-contained Indians and natives which exists in little Ranchos de Taos.

There has been rivalry between Santa Fé and Taos, an utterly senseless affair and largely a matter of conversation among the artists of the various places, Santa Fé artists considering the Taos artists commercial (i. e., they do sell pictures), and Taos artists considering the Santa Fé too utterly artified—just one of those rivalries that must some-

(Please Turn to Page 635)

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I'm a College Boy, Ma'am

By RAYMOND F. HOWES

ALL decent Americans cherish a secret affection for the boy who is working his way through college. All clever sales managers know it. That is why thousands of students spend their summers traveling from door to door greeting busy housewives with "I'm a college boy, ma'am. I have to pay my own way. You can help me if you . . . ."—and so on to the end of a carefully memorized sales talk. The wise woman, who can pierce through the verbiage, discovers that she is being asked to buy something; the generous but less alert one, having signed a paper which gives the pleasant chap so many votes toward a scholarship, is rudely awakened some weeks later when the same boy or the postman calls to demand payment for a book, magazine, newspaper, map, pair of hose, or piece of aluminum ware.

The scheme must make money for the publishers and manufacturers. Otherwise they would not work so energetically, year after year, to entice inexperienced youths into their organizations. Every spring they send representatives to the colleges. These affable gentlemen, if they can secure the cooperation of the college employment bureau, gain immediate interviews with needy students. If they cannot—and many of the employment agencies, after investigation, have refused to help them—they get a list of prospects through spotters (older students who have worked for the company before), or through an advertisement in the college paper. Some companies go even further; they offer spotters and secretaries of employment agencies $5 a head for all students who sign their contracts.

Although the propositions offered these prospective salesmen vary somewhat in detail, especially in the depth of the camouflage, most of them amount to this: the student agrees to work eight hours a day for thirteen weeks selling something on commission. But the companies who employ the largest number find it necessary to offer added incentives. The *United States Daily*, which has an otherwise straightforward contract, gives each salesman a free copy of David Lawrence's *The Other Side of Government*. The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Company guarantees minimum earnings of $375 for sixty-six days of work. A map company whose offer is, at first sight, the most alluring, guarantees $460 to any boy who works eight hours a day for seventy-five days. Dazzled by the thought of getting something for nothing, the boy forgets that his vacation of thirteen weeks contains only seventy-eight working days. If he uses two days traveling to and from his territory, he has a margin of only one day when he may stay indoors because of illness, accident, a cloudburst, or a flood. The proposition, reinforced by tales of previous salesmen who have made fabulous sums, is so attractive that an expert representative often signs up fifty boys from a single university in twenty-four hours.

IT IS difficult to estimate how many students accept this type of employment every year. The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Company, however, advertises that it has a force of nearly two thousand, and about the same number work for the National Map Company, the Butterick Publishing Company, the Realsilk Hosiery Company, and the publishers of *Cosmopolitan* and *McCall's*, not to mention a host of other firms whose organizations are somewhat smaller. There are probably more than 25,000 students on the road every summer.

The value of the goods offered for sale usually plays little part in the salesman's success; nor does his success depend to any great extent on his training, for ordinarily he has had no previous sales experience. It depends almost entirely upon the pulling power of his stereotyped talk. Nearly every company demands that he mention his poverty and his overwhelming thirst for knowledge. One manufacturer also suggests that he use printed cards bearing the seal of his college. The typical sales talk parallels this recent advertisement by one magazine publisher:

> Each year we make a tour of the colleges and pick for our Good Will Ambassadors . . . . men of integrity, ambition, and enthusiasm, who want money to pay their tuition and college expenses next fall. With your help we expect to send scholarship checks for them to scores of colleges.
>
> To earn his scholarship and his salary during the summer, each student must gain new friends for our magazines. Give your subscription to the one who calls on you.
>
> Help us—to help these students—to help themselves! . . . .
>
> When our representative takes your subscription he will give you a receipt in the special scholarship contest, that will not only guarantee you a delightful return in good reading, but will show that you have had a part in aiding a worthwhile young man toward success.

Often this appeal is the only one used. When an acquaintance of mine some years ago declined to exploit his desire for an education and requested the privilege of selling hosiery on its merits, he was refused a contract. But many sales talks combine this appeal with others. The talk I memorized when I sold maps during my own college days is typical. I never used the word "map"; that was absolutely forbidden. I told the wives of Pennsylvania farmers that the Government had made a survey of their state and strongly desired their aid in distributing it. I told them also that if I secured a certain number of members for a survey club in their neighborhood I could give them special rates. The results were extraordinary. Many signed an order blank without question; others, with tears in their eyes, told me long stories about their financial difficulties and begged me not to make them buy. But the reason for all this emotion escaped me completely until a trembling old lady asked, "Will the state police get me if I don't sign?"

When I said "No," she slammed the door in my face.

A younger woman, who had evidently dealt with salesmen before, asked me a few days later how much she would have to pay if I failed to get enough members for my club.

"That makes no difference," I assured her eagerly, and quite truthfully. "The price will be just the same."

She, too, slammed the door.

MY FAILURE as a salesman was inevitable. But other boys from my university made a great deal of money that summer. One, in particular, sold hundreds of maps to aliens in Pennsylvania mining towns. His plan was simplicity itself. He gave a map to the mine foreman, who then signed his name at the top of an order blank. The miners, most of whom understood no English, followed suit without hesitation. A few

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weeks later every miner received a map on pay day; the money came to the salesman in a lump sum from the foreman.

Another friend of mine, who sold aluminum ware, was also successful. His scheme was to arrange meetings of farmers' wives at country school houses. Then he would give his memorized speech and show by a "scientific" demonstration that food cooked in any other type of pan except his would be impure and dangerous to health. Food cooked as he suggested, he told them, would cure indigestion and prevent various horrible diseases. His commissions amounted to more than $1,000. The only student I ever met who made more money than that in one summer of house to house canvassing added an extra paragraph to the company's sales talk. He told prospective buyers of silk hosiery that he gave half his profits to an orphan asylum. But my personal acquaintance with summer salesmen is limited, despite my ten years of intimate association with college students. I add therefore the case of a go-getter we shall call "George" who made $2,300.45 one summer selling Bibles. "I have proved to my own satisfaction," says George in one of his company's advertisements, "that selling God's work is the most profitable occupation a student could undertake." The company's publicity agent explains George's success in this way: "He sincerely believes that a deLuxe copy of the New Indexed Bible is worth at least $100, consequently he experiences no difficulty in selling them for $15 and $20. During the Summer Contest his sales averaged approximately $15 each." The regular price of the book—if any—is not given.

THE difficulties or successes of the summer salesman do not end, however, with obtaining signatures. Usually he must also deliver the goods and collect for them. The exceptions are solicitors for newspapers and magazines, whose employers collect for them through the post office; but even then the commissions sometimes shrink surprisingly, for most of the solicitors have signed contracts similar to the one used by the *United States Daily:* "The student representative agrees to forfeit all credit due to incorrect addresses, subscription stopped because subscriber's check is not good, refunds because of subscriber's claim of misrepresentation." When the salesman is forced to do the delivering himself, he receives a set of helpful instructions from the headquarters of the concern.

"He told prospective buyers of silk hosiery that he gave half his profits to an orphan asylum"

It took me some time to realize the significance of the instructions sent out by my map company. I was told, for instance, never to unfold the map if I could avoid it; never, if the map had to be shown, to point to the county where I was working at the time; and never, on any provocation, to discuss the census figures for local towns. One day when I delivered a map, the farmer demanded that I unroll it. I did. Large portions of it were smeared with red ink. A few days later I met another farmer who had bought one of our maps several years before and had used it to plan a spring tour. He told me, with a touch of reasonable rancor, that his car had been stuck in the mud three times on roads designated as concrete highways. The news, by this time, did not surprise me, for I had planned my own selling tour on one of the company's maps. Once I had decided to spend the night in a new town marked plainly and credited in the census table with two hundred inhabitants. When I reached the spot just at dusk I found only a crossroads surrounded by charred ruins. The next morning, after a night spent in the woods, I dragged myself to a farmhouse to beg a cup of coffee. The farmer's wife assured me that the town had been utterly deserted for fifteen years.

Perhaps my own experience was exceptional; but the fact remains that despite the most ingenious instructions from the company the delivery, even of worthier products than mine, is often difficult. Husbands, discovering that their wives have given orders without consulting them, refuse to pay; many of the wives themselves, having had time for second thought, meet the salesman with charges of misrepresentation; and those who pay with the greatest alacrity frequently give bad checks. Goods not delivered must be resold; few companies agree to take them back. And any mistakes made by the company are charged to the salesman.

It would be unfair to imply that no summer salesman makes enough money to repay him for his efforts. Many make large sums, sometimes honestly. The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Company asserts that in 1929 the entire summer force averaged $39.92 per week; this means that more than half the salesmen received satisfactory wages. But thousands of students fail; and even those who succeed do it directly or indirectly by exploiting their desire for a college education. It is unfortunate that this type of summer work should be many a boy's first contact with modern business; it is even more unfortunate that the boy's visit should be many a citizen's only contact with the American college.

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The Trend of Events

God, Send Us Rain

"GOD, in Thy infinite mercy, send rain."

Such was the prayer Sunday morning, August 10, in countless country churches; in small, weather-beaten churches dotting the once green and fertile valleys of the Mississippi, the Ohio and the Potomac. Tired men listened. For weeks, while the blazing sun had burned down on their fields, they had looked toward the skies for the shadow of a cloud. Once they had despaired because nature was too bountiful. They had appealed to Washington for help.

Now there was drought. Most of the wheat had been cut, but much of the corn in the Middle West had been ruined beyond recovery. Vast livestock areas in Ohio, Indiana, West Virginia, Louisiana—in fact throughout the country—saw small streams vanishing to a trickle. There was no water. Nor was there corn for the livestock. Crop losses in Kentucky were estimated to have reached $100,000,000. The total losses might be $1,000,000,000 or $2,000,000,000—no one knew. Almost any sum was possible. The farmer knew only that he had no feed, no crops for the market. He knew that debts would have to be paid, feed obtained for the winter, and seed bought for next year.

He again appealed to Washington. But his hopes cannot have been high. Could Mr. Hoover send rain? Could his Farm Board divert water into dusty creek-bottoms, into lakes and shallow rivers when even the Mississippi had become yellow and sluggish, when even "Old Man River" no longer rolled proudly to the sea?

Mr. Hoover Acts

THE CRISIS found the President making plans for his long-delayed vacation, for the celebration of his fifty-sixth birthday. But Mr. Hoover promptly got to work.

First, he got the facts. Secretary of Agriculture Hyde sent word to his representatives and soon data were pouring into the White House. Mr. Hoover made no attempt to minimize the situation. He issued no statements that agriculture was fundamentally sound. He said the shortage of animal feed crops was most acute in Southeastern Missouri, Northern Arkansas, Southern Illinois, Southern Indiana, Southern Ohio, Kentucky, Northern West Virginia and Northern Virginia. There were other bad spots, but more isolated, in Montana, Kansas, Iowa and Nebraska. About 1,000,000 farm families were affected. The situation was one to cause "a great deal of concern," but direct human food production was not involved. The farmer must be assisted to save his livestock. He must be assisted to survive during the winter and spring.

Next, the President sent invitations to the twelve Governors of the states

Acme

HEADS G.O.P.
Simeon D. Fess of Ohio, new Chairman of the Republican National Committee

most damaged. They immediately started for Washington for a conference. The Interstate Commerce Commission met and authorized the railroads to institute rate reductions so that cattle can be shifted into areas where water and feed abound, so that feed can be brought cheaply to other sections. Funds will somehow be provided, perhaps with the $100,000,000 balance of the Farm Board, so that farmers may carry on. The credit provisions will be as liberal as possible. The Red Cross is ready to take charge of cases of actual suffering.

Meanwhile less is heard, as was the case when the drought first appeared, of this being "a blessing in disguise." Presumably the farmer who has corn will profit. The Farm Board, ironically enough, now has prospects of recovering part of its losses due to gambling in wheat. But the farmer whose crop is reduced by fifty or seventy-five per cent will hardly profit. The farmer who has had to sell his cows because he has no feed, and to sell them at very low prices, faces ruin. Milk prices are already rising in the large cities. There is certain to be suffering among the poor and in the wake of this may come a rise of infant mortality.

"The farmer will feel the drought first and the direct effects of the drought," remarked Secretary Hyde, emulating the admirable frankness of the President, "but every man, woman and child in America will suffer the indirect consequences in some degree."

New National Chairman

SENATOR SIMEON D. FESS of Ohio, who during all his seventeen years of legislative service at Washington has been certain that God's in his Heaven and all's right with the G.O.P., is the new National Chairman of the Republican Party. His elevation last week followed the forced resignation of Claudius H. Huston of Tennessee, "Clinging Claudius," who for long and weary months has been declared a liability to his party.

So in 1932, Mr. Fess will climb to the platform of the Republican National Convention and will call the delegates to order. He will read the official call for the convention. His words will drone forth inaudibly, as they have done before. Presumably, unless the changes are swift in the year and a half of preparation which remain, he will be head of a National Committee controlled by Herbert Hoover. It is virtually impossible, as Theodore Roosevelt learned in 1912, to take the party machinery away from a President seeking renomination.

It was a dreary meeting at which the resignation of Mr. Huston was received. The discredited National Chairman discredited after the Senate Lobby committee revealed temporary personal use of funds entrusted to him for the Tennessee River Improvement Association, resigned without graciousness. The attacks were unjust, unwarranted. He would have preferred to fight them through. Conscious of his own integrity, he was not accustomed to withdraw under fire. However, the Party had to be considered. Its chances in the coming elections must not be jeopardized.

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Mr. Fess, who is to be assisted by Robert H. Lucas of Kentucky as Executive Director, faces the future filled with calm and with assurance that Republicanism shall go on to new victories and new glory. His first official act was a statement praising the Smoot-Hawley tariff. Prohibition, he intimated, will not be an issue this fall, or any other. Economics and social facts are not in Mr. Fess' campaign philosophy.

▶▶*What of 1932?*

THERE REMAINS, however, Colonel Horace A. Mann, who did such valiant work in the pre-convention days of 1928 rounding up the Negro brethren in the South for Herbert Hoover. Colonel Mann has felt the sting of ingratitude. He is distressed because the President has appointed his Postmaster General, Walter F. Brown, to head a committee which will deal with patronage in the South. He is hurt because most of his own recommendations for appointment have been ignored, so he protests, by the White House.

The history of Negro delegations to Republican National gatherings has been, without exception, disgraceful. The politically sophisticated will watch with a degree of cynicism Colonel Mann's promise of a new day, of better things to come. His reform is to be achieved through a new organization of southern Republicans with headquarters at Savannah. It will send uninstructed delegations to the Republican Convention in 1932. In this way will "trafficking and trading" be eliminated.

Stripped of its noble verbiage, this means that Colonel Mann will attempt to elect delegates who will oppose Mr. Hoover in 1932. In 1900, the Hanna forces controlled the southern Republican delegations, and McKinley was nominated. In 1904 Theodore Roosevelt controlled them, and Roosevelt was nominated. In 1908, Roosevelt controlled them again, and brought about Taft's nomination. Such is the history of Republican National Conventions. Mr. Hoover, through Postmaster General Brown, will seek to control them again.

▶▶*Where is Lindbergh?*

IN 1928, at the request of the Republican National Committee, Col. Charles A. Lindbergh announced that he favored the election of Mr. Hoover. A few of the old-timers at Washington, recalling that an obscure Congressman named Lindbergh had in 1910 been classed as an insurgent, regretted that the son had thus aligned himself with conservatism. For the most part, however, the decision of America's Hero was merely accepted as another indication of his sound common sense.

Now the Grand Old Party needs him again. For the Prince of Wales is once more packing his grip. This time he sails —not as Baron Renfrew, not as a

Wide World

HAS NEW JOB

Prince of Wales to visit South America as Commissioner Extraordinary of Empire Trade

Young-Man-About-the-Universe, not as a sportsman seeking a few hours of quiet polo at Syosset. He sails as Commissioner Extraordinary of Empire Trade. He sails for South America where, in the Argentine and in Brazil, Great Britain plans to recapture trade.

In South America the reputation of the United States just now is none too good. M. Andrew A. Estrade, of the Argentine Delegation to the Pan American Reciprocal Trade Conference, in New York last week cited two causes for "growing unfriendliness." One is the tariff. The other is the fact that Argentina was not invited to the Conference until the last minute. Argentines, unlike cold, practical, hard-boiled American business men, place a great deal of value on courtesy.

Thus the outlook is gloomy, and the United States has no Prince of Wales. Of course, Calvin Coolidge might be despatched. But does he not lack somehow the necessary flair for breaking down trade barriers? Besides, he is busy with "Calvin Coolidge Says." What then is the matter with Colonel Lindbergh? There is still time. The Prince is not due in South America until next year. Is the Colonel to grow soft at home, playing with his infant son and teaching his wife to fly, while his country calls? After all, it is the Colonel's tariff, too. He endorsed it in 1928.

▶▶*China's Communists*

A FEW red placards do not necessarily mean the Third International.

Chinese Banditism, not Communism, is at the root of the marauding and looting along the Yangtse Valley in Central China. The so-called Red Army, neither Red nor an army as Moscow and America understand the words, swept through Changsha, 800 miles from the sea. Then it spread over the territory south of the Yangtse, caused the Nationalist government to halt its war on the Northern rebels, and brought a concentration of American, British and Japanese warships at Hankow.

Yet, there is little to indicate that the hordes differ at all from others which have ravaged the same country for the same spoils. The bandits came into Changsha without Communist banners, Communist speeches, or Communist proclamations. They left, collecting loot and ransom, without establishing a Communist government. They are descendants of Robin Hood, not Lenin, and more kin to Al Capone than Joseph Stalin. Even the State Department at Washington, in its papers concerning the bandits, puts quotation marks around the word Communists.

The pity is that Chiang Kai-shek can't put ropes around their necks. As President of the Nationalist Government, now free but once connected with Moscow, he crushed a group of Southern militarists a month ago. Then he turned upon the Northern coalition whose activity prevents a union which is necessary for the stabilization of China. That group is headed by Yen Hsi-shan, former partner of Chiang, and Feng Yu-hsiang, called "the Christian general."

Many American commentators have

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bewailed this strife because it prevented Chiang from turning full-blast upon the bandits. That seems to be putting the cart before the horse. The significance of the banditry lies in its turning Chiang from the essentially important task of defeating the Northern coalition and consolidating the country.

But there is no alliance between the bandits and the rebels. On the other hand, reports from Peking picture the Northern coalition much disturbed by the propaganda supposed to be spreading behind the Northern lines. With Nanking likewise claiming that the "Communists" are a foe to be feared, one might expect that there would be a new coalition against the common enemy. That might happen in a Western country. But in China, against the bandits one may expect little except more banditry.

▶▶*The Citronella League*

SOCIAL HISTORIANS may record 1930 as the year of the emergence of night baseball. After-dark games were tried in the old Federal League in 1918, but the nocturnal experiment was such a failure that the professional teams stuck to daylight until last spring. Des Moines then gave the arc lights another trial and on August 6 Manager John McGraw led his New York Giants to Bridgeport, Connecticut, for the first major league test.

Starring in the starlight is now common from coast to coast, confined by no means to bush-league clubs. Newark, Jersey City, Buffalo and Reading, in the International League, and Los Angeles, Hollywood, Portland, Seattle, Oakland and Sacramento, in the Pacific Coast League, have parks equipped for the night life. They play it and the people like it, just as they do in Indianapolis, and a score of parks in the Eastern, Western, Southern, Piedmont and Texas leagues.

The change was brought about by the rapidly decreasing gate receipts; also perhaps, by the popularity of amateur sports and automobiles. Lamplight games have become especially profitable for clubs located in manufacturing towns, where the fans come largely from the overall classes. But all the "night clubs" report larger attendances — doubled, trebled, and increased, in some cases, by ten times. Drawn to the parks first by the novelty of the plan, the patrons seem enchanted by the cool stands, the open skies, and the surprisingly good playing.

But this playing has pleased few sports writers who hold to the standards of the major leagues. Under 4,000,000 candlepower of lights, the parks are without shadows, but there is a haze which attracts mosquitoes and makes it difficult to gauge the speed of the ball. Upon the speed-judging question there is some dispute; upon a future perfection of the lighting system there is more speculation. With the St. Louis and Cincinnati clubs talking hard times, however, and the prosperous Giants already experimenting, night baseball may take the majors as it has the minors. With that our historians may mark a complete change from the water bucket to the citronella bottle.

Keystone

NIGHT CLUB

William Wrigley Field, Los Angeles, illuminated with 40,000,000 candlepower floodlights for a night baseball game

▶▶*Assorted Skirts*

EXCITED SCOUTS are beginning to cable from Paris the first hints of the new fashions. Patou is doing things with hip lines. Lanvin is using dollar-size buttons for the front of his dresses, coats and blouses. Two or three of the big style-makers have had their openings; and it is declared that black and white, with yellows, greens and blues are to be the predominating shades.

Compared with the revolutionary developments of a year ago, the despatches from Paris are tame. Was it only a year ago? Did Fannie Hurst, and others fling their banners of independence to the breeze only last summer? The New Woman, they said, would not wear long skirts. She would not tolerate the obligatory corset. She would not make a fool of herself at the command of a few modistes.

It was a good battle, while it lasted. The New Woman was not wholly defeated, either. The result was a compromise; sweeping skirts for the evening and skirts moderately short for the day-time. The August openings indicate that the partial victory is being fully recognized. Skirts for evening are long, but they are twelve inches shorter in front than in back; and so it will be possible to get into a cab. M. Patou has models for sport with the skirt just below the knees. Afternoon frocks are long. Evening frocks trail.

Even now, on the S.S. Bremen and other fast ships, smuggled sketches are being rushed to this country. Soon autumn and winter wardrobes will be planned. Soon harried husbands will begin to pay the bills.

▶▶*We Nominate Mr. Dawes*

TAKING THE IDEA from *Vanity Fair*, we nominate Charles G. Dawes to the excessively small group of Those we Like.

We nominate Mr. Dawes because, first, in his role as Ambassador to Great Britain he is simply perfect. He endears himself to the English by occasional explosions, but he is not indiscreet enough to get into trouble. He still smokes that funny pipe. He never remotely yearns, as George Harvey did, for silk stockings and knee breeches. He remains 100 per cent Ohioan.

We nominate Mr. Dawes because his

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political history goes back to McKinley, when he was Comptroller of the Currency and went to the Republican Convention of 1900 to watch things for his chief. Since then he has made a fortune for himself in banking, distinguished himself in the World War, achieved the Vice-Presidency, and abandoned efforts to reform the Senate. We nominate him because, it is said, he has kept a diary during most of these decades, a diary which some day will make delicious reading.

We nominate Charles Dawes because, full of faith and hope, he is behind Chicago's plan for a World's Fair. We nominate him, finally, because he has mastered the secret of living life successfully. Accustomed to stodgy people in high places, Americans were astonished to learn that he was a composer of no small merit. They heard rumors that he was well-read. Now, the New York *Times* reveals, he is to indulge another hobby, archaeology. In the company of several learned men, he is to explore regions in Spain and France with an eye to finding new data on prehistoric man. Mr. Dawes picked up a taste for this back in Marietta, Ohio, as a boy. He then played near one of the prehistoric mounds in the vicinity. Now he will play in one of Europe's most interesting localities.

▸▸*Top-Hole Girl*

EVEN the R-100 would have been treated with scant attention had it circled the airdrome at Croyden on the night of August 4. For hours a crowd of 50,000 Britons had been waiting for the arrival of Amy Johnson, Britain's own. The slender English girl finally stepped out of a plane into the glare of floodlights. Lord This and Lady That were there to congratulate her on the flight to Australia. She was told that the King and Queen would shortly summon her to receive the insignia of a Commander of the Order of the British Empire.

The verdict was that, as a heroine, Miss Johnson was wholly satisfactory. She was modest, poised, self-assured. But not too self-assured. Two days later there was a luncheon in her honor. The "spirit of Sir Francis Drake," said J. H. Thomas, Secretary of State for the Dominions, was "still alive in modern England." At the end, Miss Johnson made a twenty minute speech, and not until the next day did the guests learn that shortly before the luncheon she had suffered a painful gastric attack. A doctor had been present, watching carefully, throughout the weary hours of speechmaking.

▸▸*More Gold for the Cause*

THE COFFERS of the Anti-Saloon League, according to Dr. F. Scott McBride, flow with gold. He told his organization's Executive Committee, gathered in conference at Little Point Sable, Michigan, that the wets had made small inroads into dry strength. The primary elections thus far show no indication that Congress is to be damper in the near future. Contributions have been generous.

The Anti-Saloon League, then, is at

Wide World

WINGED VICTORY

Amy Johnson returns to England after flying alone to Australia

least holding its own in the battle of righteousness. It has gold for publicity, gold whereby to hire congressmen to make dry speeches. It has gold, too, to be used in political campaigns, with slight danger that the sums spent will be made public.

Even more gold, though, is needed. Having painted an optimistic picture, Dr. McBride remarks that the wets are planning new offensives. These must be met. Man of vision that he is, the head of the Anti-Saloon League looks toward 1932. Dr. McBride concedes that the Democratic party is stronger. A Democratic nominee, he mourns, is likely to be wet.

▸▸*Utilities as the Issue*

GOVERNOR FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT of New York, a leading contestant for the Democratic nomination, will be wet; if he has to be. This can be stated with certainty. Last week was marked by conferences among the New York Democratic leaders, with former Governor Smith in attendance. After these it was declared, although no one was quoted, that Governor Roosevelt would be wet, very wet. This refers, however, to the approaching state convention at which the New York gubernatorial nomination will again go to Roosevelt.

Meanwhile it appears to be the Governor's hope that people, in the next few months, will get violently excited over public utilities! He will be pleased if the voters discuss electric light rates with the same fervor that they discuss the speakeasy situation, Mr. Woodcock's latest and most amiable utterance on "Enforcing the Law with Politeness," and the terrific quality of that Scotch delivered last week by Joe. Perhaps they will, but it is improbable. For the purpose of the campaign in New York, however, utility rates can be made a fair enough issue. The New York Edison and affiliated companies announced a reduction in rates from seven to five cents per kilowatt hour. At first hailed as a public spirited move, it was then discovered that a fixed charge for meter service was to be added, causing an increase in the monthly bills of 1,000,000 consumers in the New York City area. Governor Roosevelt took prompt action, and requested Public Service Commissioner Milo B. Maltbie to look into things at once. Mayor Walker said the city would fight the new rates. There will doubtless be court action, prolonged hearings, innumerable speeches.

The New York Republicans, too, yearn for some non-explosive issue. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University, valiant foe of the drys, intends to press the adoption of a wet plank in the state platform. He will be supported by former Senator James W. Wadsworth, and many of the younger and more progressive men of the party. The Crusaders, the newest anti-prohibition organization, announces that it will take part in the deliberations. State Chairman William J. Maier, on the other hand, is certain that the wickedness of Tammany Hall can be substituted for prohibition. He opposes a too radical stand; that is, he wants an evasive plank, on prohibition.

Dr. McBride appears to be correct in saying the primaries last week indicated no new wet strength. In Kansas, Senator Henry J. Allen's victory was encouraging to Mr. Hoover and the

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drys. Representative Cordell Hull of Tennessee, nominated for the Senate, is for prohibition. It is true that Governor Smith's foes in Virginia went down to defeat, but other issues were involved. Public utility regulation, however, did as badly as the wet cause. In Tennessee, B. Carroll Reece fought to a Republican Congressional nomination in opposition to the Norris Muscle Shoals Plan. He was denounced as a tool of the power trust. But with the aid of President Hoover, he won.

▸▸*Citizens and War*

PRESUMABLY the President of the United States is informed in advance when his Solicitor General plans some important legal action. But the friends of President Hoover will cling stubbornly to the hope that he knew nothing of Solicitor General Thatcher's intention of appealing a Circuit Court's rulings in favor of the Rev. Dr. Douglas Clyde MacIntosh of the Yale Divinity School and Miss Marie Averill Bland, a Canadian World War nurse.

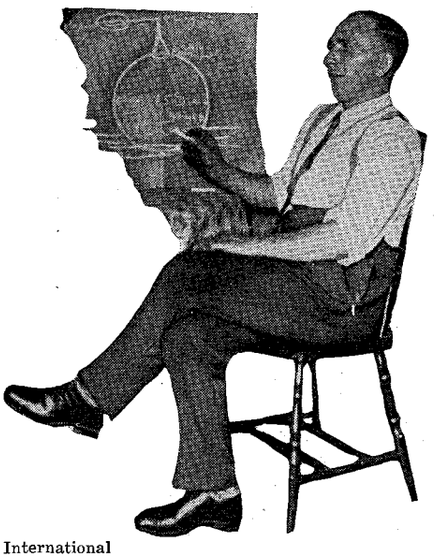
Judge Martin Manton of the United States Circuit Court had held that Dr. MacIntosh and Miss Bland were entitled to citizenship. In so doing, he reversed earlier rulings against them. In so doing, he gratified Americans who believed with him that "the rights of conscience are inalienable rights, which the citizen need not surrender and which the government or society cannot take away." True, Dr. MacIntosh, although a Chaplain in the last war, had been unable to swear that he would bear arms in the next. It would depend, he said, upon whether he believed his country of adoption in the right. True, too, that Miss Bland said her conscience would not permit her to fight. She would, however, go to the front as a nurse; as she had done in 1914-1918.

What in common sense is it all about? It was Dr. Fosdick who said, regarding the MacIntosh-Bland cases that, should these two be denied citizenship, no Christian could swear allegiance to the United States. Why, now that the government could have let the matter rest, did the Administration's Solicitor General insist upon taking it to the Supreme Court? That court has already ruled, in the case of Rosika Schwimmer, that avowed pacifists may not become citizens. In this decision, as so often, the voice of Justice Holmes raised in dissent, was raised in defense of free thought.

War, it would seem, remains the most sacred principle of this government. Mr. Hoover may be a Quaker. The government may have signed the Kellogg Treaty which "outlaws war." But no one may become a citizen unless he agrees, in advance, to fight in any war.

▸▸*Silly Season*

THE TREE-SITTING, bicycle endurance riding boys and girls of America—alternately denounced and glorified by the press—appear to have infected their elders. So-called adults are emulating their antics, even improving upon them. One intrepid soul at Atlantic City achieved immortality by lying in a bur-



International

MARINER

Karl Herzog who plans to cross the Atlantic with his mechanic, Fritz Vogel, in a fifteen-foot rubber ball

ied coffin for seven days. Two others have announced plans to cross the ocean inside a huge rubber ball. Chicago has been having a dance marathon.

It was Captain Jack Evans, the genesis of his title is obscure, who lay in the coffin six feet under Atlantic City's golden sands. By profession, he is a fire-eater, but the current depression has hit fire-eating too, and money has been scarce. He, therefore, contracted with Abe Barnett, who runs an amusement park, to have himself lowered, in the coffin, into a six foot pit. The idea was that thousands would flock to watch the heroism of Captain Jack.

Trade was good enough for a day or two. Then attendance slumped. On the seventh day—all this while the coffin champion had refrained from food or water—a dispute arose between "Professor" Charles Hudspeth, the Captain's Manager, and Mr. Barnett. The Professor had called down to his client that not enough money had been taken in to buy a suit of clothes. They would pass the hat for a special collection from the crowd waiting for him to emerge. For this special feature, no share would go to the park.

In the quarrel which followed, Captain Jack was nearly forgotten. Mr. Barnett talked about legal proceedings, about punches on the nose. He would not permit Captain Jack to be dug up until he obtained his thirty-five per cent of the final collection. In the end, he won. The grave champion received just $67, and he promptly spent this for a few suits of clothes. He plans to go back to fire-eating, as less confining.

The rubber ball marines, Karl Herzog and Fritz Vogel of Brooklyn, requested the United States Rubber Specialty Company of Trenton, N. J., to fashion for them a ball fifteen feet in diameter, with an opening in the top. Food and water, in addition to Messrs. Herzog and Vogel, would serve as ballast. Careful study of wind charts indicated that it would take sixty days to make the crossing. In payment for building the ball, the rubber company would place its name in big letters on the side.

Should the United States Rubber Specialty Company fail to avail itself of the offer, Herzog and Vogel will turn to more enterprising manufacturers. But no date has been set for their departure.

▸▸*Two Dogs*

EARLY ON the morning of August 3, John Henry Mears and Henry N. Brown, his pilot, were wrecked when they attempted to take off in the dark at Harbor Grace on the second leg of a projected flight around the world. Their ship was badly smashed, but the two men climbed out unhurt. Then Mr. Mears began to look for Tail Spin II, the mascot of the trip.

Tail Spin had vanished; a careful search of the wreckage revealed no trace of him. He was nowhere in the vicinity. Mr. Mears, confident of his dog's integrity, was certain that he had been stolen. In the end, however, he turned up. And his owner became cheerful again. The crack-up meant nothing, Mr. Mears said. There would shortly be another attempt, a new ship, better luck. Tail Spin would have another chance. The dog said nothing.

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Jiggers, a wire-haired fox terrier, owned by a Mrs. Dora Gaulker of Atlantic City, was condemned to death for having attempted to bite a Mrs. Marie Prutowandu of the same city. He was declared vicious, and The Law decreed his execution on the following day. Mrs. Gaulker screamed. The reporters hurried to their typewriters. Next morning, however, The Law called at the Gaulker home only to learn that Jiggers had been spirited into New York.

The Law appears to have been considerably relieved. It was formally announced that no extradition proceedings would be started.

▶▶*Williamstown*

VARIED subjects occupied the Institute of Politics at Williamstown last week. Edward P. Warner, editor of *Aviation* and professor of aeronautical engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, explained that what are now barren lands in the Arctic and Antarctic regions are destined to become exceedingly important as aviation bases. The world air routes of the future will naturally seek paths across the lands within the polar circles as the shortest routes from continent to continent. The Canadians, he asserted, had practically completed a route between America and Asia by way of land bases north of the Arctic circle which cuts the longest over water hop to 300 miles. Because of this new value which polar regions have assumed, the United States, England, Russia, Norway, and Denmark, whose territories encircle the north pole, have drawn lines from the borders of their lands to the pole so that each has a slice of the Arctic pie, and can claim all lands both undiscovered and discovered within these triangles as their own.

This method of dividing up frozen territories was described by Professor Jesse Reeves of the University of Michigan as similar in principle to the attempt, four hundred years ago, of Pope Alexander to divide the western world between Spain and Portugal by drawing the famous line of demarcation. Polar expeditions, in the opinion of Professor Reeves, should be regarded as international ventures of exploration to add to the common stock of the world's scientific knowledge, not as imperialistic expeditions of nations seeking new territories to claim as their own.

A prediction of a long period of low prices and business depression was made by Professor Edwin F. Gay of Harvard who asserted that the insufficiency of the world's gold supply is becoming so great as to cause a shortage of money and lowered prices. Professor Royal Meeker of Yale, while agreeing that lack of gold was the cause, declared that the depression could be relieved by lessening the gold content of the dollar to meet the failing supply of gold and thus stabilize prices. He maintained it was better to take a chance on his theory than to ride into sure economic difficulties by maintaining the gold content of the dollar steadfast.

Remarkable Remarks

This is the greatest business country in the world. The welfare of our people, especially the wage earners, is entirely dependent upon prosperity.—CALVIN COOLIDGE.

There is no expedient to which a man will not go to avoid the labor of thinking.—THOMAS A. EDISON.

The constructive press has been kind and generous to me ever since I have been flying.—CHARLES A. LINDBERGH.

I am now a bit jaded with golf; I expect to be absolutely fed up with the game by September.—ROBERT T. JONES, JR.

Whatever is done or whatever is not done in Hollywood, there is a greatness about it that tells.—ADOLPH MENJOU.

American girls of sixteen or seventeen are sophisticated and worldly wise.—EDNA BEST.

Little American girls pretend to know everything and are really rather ignorant and simple about life.—KATHLEEN NORRIS.

The best example of love does not occur during courtship or early in marriage but later in life when a wife exclaims: "John, don't forget your rubbers."—PROFESSOR WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

Speaking at the round table on the limitation of armaments, Admiral A. J. Hepburn, former chief of staff, urged that the United States build up to the limit allowed her under the London Treaty. To do otherwise would result in the United States going to the next disarmament conference powerless to force the other nations to reduce their armaments as was the case at the Geneva meeting. Not building to the limit would be assumed by other nations not as an indication of a desire for peace but as a sign of economic weakness and consequent loss of America's boundless ability to build warships which, since the other nations fear to compete with it, is the main factor in causing them to agree to limitation of armament. Admiral Hepburn viewed limitation of armament as essential before more total disarmament was feasible. Admiral William V. Pratt, Commander in Chief of the United States fleet, who was unexpectedly absent at sea, sent a paper to be read before the Institute. He praised limitation of armament but criticized total disarmament as futile since it would not prevent war and since it was exceedingly dangerous in view of the probability of there being another war. In his estimation consultative agreements were very necessary so that in time of a crisis the machinery for consultation would be immediately ready. Since the United States does not belong to the League which has such machinery, the Admiral thought it might be advisable that we take the initiative in creating such a body.

▶▶*Heavier vs. Lighter*

MOST OF THE DEBATE over the relative merits of lighter-than-air and heavier-than-air flying machines has ebbed. But they continue the struggle for public attention.

Last week, the airplane did rather better than its rival, the dirigible. Captain Frank M. Hawkes took off from Curtiss Field on Long Island at 6 o'clock Eastern Standard Time on the morning of August 6. He landed at the Municipal Airport at Los Angeles at 4:50:43 o'clock, Pacific Time, the same night. He made five stops as he sped from the East across the mountains and deserts of the Southwest and thence to the coast. His elapsed time was 14 hours, 50 minutes and 43 seconds.

This is the fastest flight ever made from New York to the coast, although the statistics are confusing since no flight exactly comparable has been accomplished before.

Meanwhile, the R-100 was preparing to show her bulky sides to as many Canadian towns as possible before sailing for home. At Montreal repairs have been completed on the British dirigible, now the largest in existence. And talk of a trans-oceanic airline revives. Amid the pleasant glow of testimonial luncheons and dinners, it was set forth that Britain and Canada might be linked by such an airline. Three ships like the R-100 and an investment of about $30,000,000, would be needed. Sir Denniston Burney, who designed the ship, said it was quite feasible. Premier G.

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Howland Ferguson said he was sure the people of Canada would gladly subsidize such a line.

But for the present an airship route to Canada is likely to remain a pleasant dream. The first line will be established where the traffic demand is greatest; in other words, to New York.

Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE LOOK forward to the most lively social and political season in many years if Elsie Patterson does not relent in her determination to publish "all the news that's fit to print"—and some that is not—in the columns of William Randolph Hearst's Washington *Herald,* of which she has lately become the editor. As the former Countess Gizycka, the daughter of Col. Robert Patterson of the Chicago *Tribune* and a cotillion leader in the Capital, Mrs. Patterson enjoys unusual opportunities for picking up intriguing and dangerous gossip anent the great and near-great, and if she makes the most of her new journalistic weapon, she will assuredly deal some heavy blows. It will, we fear, avail nothing for the bigwigs of society and politics to converse in whispers or pull down the curtains, since every home, from the White House to the humble residences of Senate pages, will be transformed into "Glass Houses" into which the curious may peek through Elsie's eyes. To our mind, it is quite amusing that such a threat should darken Washington windows during the reign of President Hoover, who, more than any of his recent predecessors, shuns and detests all publicity except that which he sponsors.

In her recent characterization of Alice Longworth as a political and photographic poseur, Mrs. Patterson revealed that she has certain talents highly desirable in an editor at the Capital. She will not, it is clear, permit fame or friendship to prevent her from utilizing her unique gifts. Although she and "Princess Alice" have been good friends for years, this consideration did not deter the Countess from announcing over her own signature in a front-page box that her cousin by marriage, Representative Ruth McCormick, would not accept Mrs. Longworth as a political adviser in the former's senatorial campaign in Illinois. In view of the intimacy among these three daughters of famous political households, this in itself was a sensational enough announcement. But it was the tart terms employed by Mrs. Patterson in rebuking Alice that caused amazement. Referring to Mrs. Longworth's traditional disinclination to make speeches or give interviews, the lady editor declared that the Speaker's wife "could not utter in public" and wound up with the assertion that Alice's political assistance would "resolve itself, as usual, into posing for photographs." It was, as we recall, the most devastating criticism directed against the daughter of the former President since, as a hoydenish maiden, she startled post-Victorians by smoking cigarettes, turning the White House into a turmoil and other Rooseveltian antics. Much as we like and admire Princess Alice for her independence, we must admit that her editorial rival emerged victorious from this one-sided encounter, as her position will enable her to do in the future unless Alice abandons her disdainful attitude toward personal publicity. In this respect we think Mrs. Patterson was a little unjust, since Mrs. Longworth cannot be blamed if newspaper editors and reporters, including Mr. Hearst, regard her personal affairs and her photographs as "good copy."

Boston Transcript

Cannot be done without the advice and consent of the Senate

Unfortunately for Mrs. Patterson, she has written a book which, with other events, seem to disclose the not too disinterested origin of her oracular announcement. It is, appropriately enough, entitled *Glass Houses,* and the principal characters are obviously Mrs. Longworth, the Honorable William Edgar Borah and the author herself. There is no mistaking the descriptions of the "throaty" heroine whose admiration for the long-maned and carelessly attired Senator from Idaho is well known in Washington.

Glass Houses pictures the Senator from Idaho as a wild and woolly westerner whom the principal feminine character seeks to make presentable, sartorially and otherwise, for the gleaming halls of Washington society. Both the Senator and his admirer are depicted as seekers after sensation and somewhat ineffectual individuals, as, in the opinion of many observers, they are. Their existence is portrayed as frothy, fictional, and to them the authoress bequeaths more of sound than of substance.

We understand, however, that Mrs. Patterson did not always hold so disparaging an opinion of Mr. Borah. There was a time, we hear, when the lady editor, whose Dupont Circle salon rivals that which Alice conducts a few blocks away on Massachusetts Avenue, was happy to dine and entertain the distinguished statesman. The break came, we understand, at the Republican National Convention in 1920 when Mrs. Patterson, who was then writing for the Hearst papers, was asked by Mr. Borah to forego her praise of his efforts because it was embarrassing him. Since then, it appears, Alice has had the Senator as her personal "lion," and when, as Mrs. Patterson wrote in her book, he "rakes the visitors' galleries of the Senate with bold and magnetic eye," it is for the gloved approval of Alice rather than Elsie that he is looking.

We learn, however, that Alice is amused rather than angered at this rain of pebbles on her "Glass House." We can almost hear her saying "How interesting!" or "What great fun!" And, of course, Senator Borah will appreciate the hidden but honorable mention. He always does! A. F. C.

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▶▶ Mr. Hoover Emerges ◀◀

It is a fortunate thing for the country that Mr. Hoover in choosing his successor to Mr. Huston, as National Republican Chairman, should have chosen so clear-cut and definite a figure as Senator Fess of Ohio. Every President suffers to a certain extent from the inevitable compromises which enter into the choice of a party chairman. Until he has been in office long enough to make his power felt, he is, in effect, unable to make his own choice. For he is charged with carrying out the policies of his party predecessors, and must do so in company with that predecessor's associates along lines already determined. Not until a President is in complete command of his own ship and has weathered the Congressional storm of his first year, is he able, unhampered except by his own abilities, to lay out his own course and pick the political pilot who will represent the party to the country and re-elect its titular head. The resignation of Mr. Huston has given Mr. Hoover the opportunity to do this. To serve in this gentleman's stead the President has chosen Senator Fess.

▶▶ Mr. Fess is the kind of man who believes as a matter of daily conviction those political convention key-note speeches, which other men throw into the waste-basket once election is over. Not only does he believe such speeches, he writes them. For all we know, he taught Republican campaign book history all through the years when he was a professor of history in an Ohio college. And since he is now sixty-nine, he is not likely to change his mind no matter how many business depressions or economic laws he has to ignore. He is the complete machine politician and the perfect party wheel-horse. He is, furthermore, a bone-dry prohibitionist of the Sheppard-Jones variety, a complete isolationist in foreign affairs, a Chinese Wall tariff protectionist, a champion of property rights and big business against human rights and social legislation. An Old Guard Republican, he has not deviated from the principles of Hugo N. Frye during his seventeen years in Washington. Where prohibition is concerned, he would resign rather than see the Republican party wet. He does not even admit that prohibition is or can be an issue. Instead he proposes to go before the country in defense of the Smoot-Hawley Tariff. On this platform, he will build up the machine which will nominate and try to re-elect Mr. Hoover two years from now. Such is the man Mr. Hoover has chosen at last as the symbol of his own brand of Republicanism. A genuine stand-patter of the good old little red school house type.

▶▶ This is excellent. Not since the days of Warren Harding, and his speeches on the once famous Association of Nations, have we known of any political leader whose public pronouncements seemed capable of such diverse interpretations as are Mr. Hoover's. Until lately, the subject could be prohibition, water power or tariff. No matter. Liberals and conservatives, wets and drys alike, seemed convinced that what Mr. Hoover really meant to say was not what he actually said, but in some peculiar manner, what they had wished and expected him to say. On those occasions when these beliefs appeared no longer justified, these supporters assured the world that they had private information that things were really not what they seemed.

"Things are seldom what they seem,
Life's a funny sort of dream—"

sang the comic opera comedians of the old Savoy in London many years ago.

▶▶ Had Mr. Hoover confused the whole prohibition problem, by appointing a law enforcement commission to inquire into all laws instead of prohibition itself, meanwhile calling for more law observance? No matter. He was not really a dry. He and his commission would soon come out wet. Political effect was what he was after, at first. Did he take no steps beforehand, as a foreign expert, to advise Congress on his tariff views? No matter. Just wait and see how he would perform when the bill was ready. Did he, after all, weakly sign the highest tariff bill in our history? No matter. Watch how his Flexible Tariff Commission would pare the thing down when opportunity came. Had he first assured the State of Tennessee that government control of Muscle Shoals was a necessity and then, after election, announced his opposition to government ownership? No matter. He had meant so and so at Elizabethtown. A partisan press had stretched his meaning so that it could go on supporting him or attacking him. He had really meant so and so. Or so and so, or so and so—ad infinitum.

▶▶ If ever a President suffered at the hands of his friends, apparently Mr. Hoover has been the man. But it will be so no longer. At last the Hoover political principles are too clear to be obscured by ambiguous language or to admit of misinterpretation by mistaken friends. No matter what his personal vagaries or variations, politically Mr. Hoover is dry, reactionary, high tariff, isolationist and stand-pat Republican. He has honestly repudiated the socialistic plan of his farm board and now puts his faith only in its ability to help the farmer help himself. He has honestly negotiated an arms limitation treaty, which recognizes the world as an armed camp and sees no good in the League of Nations. He has honestly signed and will defend the highest tariff in our history. He honestly believes in prohibition and will fight to retain the Eighteenth Amendment, seeking, meanwhile, new ways to enforce it. He has honestly been unable to come to any belief in government ownership and water power and will fight against it.

For these definite beliefs we respect him, although we decline to agree with his point of view. More, we sympathize with his former liberal friends, who were unable to see the forest because of the trees. But we think that it is as clear now as it was two years ago that to be an engineer is not by itself a sufficient foundation on which to build a liberal, political philosophy. The events of the last two years have done for Mr. Hoover what the preceding twenty failed to do. So far as the country is concerned, all hope of liberal leadership from Mr. Hoover has disappeared.

The Editors

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▸▸ Sleeve Laughing in Italy ◂◂

By PERCY WINNER

RICHLY purple shadows lengthened on the grass behind the broken tombs along the old Appian Way. It was early evening of a splendid May day in the Roman Campagna. The last motor caravan of German tourists had bumped by us toward the Porta San Sebastiano over the irregular paving of the road which was once the majestic link with Capua and Brindisi of Roma, *caput mundi.*

We—Polly, the lady whose name I have forgotten, the sunburnt chauffeur and I—sat in the open taxicab looking to the south where a few wisps of cloud floated slowly over the gardens and orchards up to Rocca di Papa and Monte Cavo. Against the sky in knife-sharp outlines were the higher houses of the Alban towns. It was peaceful and beautiful.

"And this," I said, concluding a guidebook exposition, "was Rome."

The chauffeur had been listening a long time. He did not understand English but, his head cocked to one side, his cap pushed up from his forehead and a cold cigarette end glued to his under lip, he had given all signs of deep—if somewhat pained—interest.

"Parli bene, signore; sei Romano?"

"You speak well, sir, are you Roman?" he said.

It was obviously a reproof. There had really been no reason for my speech. The countryside spoke for itself, and a human voice was trivial, unnecessary. I told the chauffeur I was not a Roman.

"Thank God," he grunted. If I knew, he explained, how tired he was of *bei discorsi,* of fine speeches. He himself was from Pesaro in the Marches, where they didn't get themselves so drunk with words.

These Romans! He was full of contempt. We started back to town.

To taunt him, I declaimed in Italian: "Now we return toward the New Rome, the Great, the Victorious Rome of the Future."

He stopped the car and turned back toward us.

"Listen, sir," he said. "You think I'm joking. But I'm not. Where's the greatness and where's the victory? The city is filled with fine fellows in uniforms. They're going to whip the world. And we who work have empty bellies."

He started the car again. But again turned back with an afterthought:

"In Rome everybody lives on top of a fine, big horse with a flag in his hand, maybe two flags. Now, I'm a simple man. I find it very difficult to eat, to sleep, to play with my children, to talk with my friends while I'm sitting on top of a horse with a flag in my hand."

He spat on the Via Appia Antica and the car started with a jerk.

NOW, my friend, the chauffeur from Pesaro is not the only man in Italy who is sick unto nausea with what is sometimes called "the triumphal mode of living."

Fascism prohibits the Italians from talking about politics, or anything else, for that matter. It sends them to jail or to exile in the island colonies if they forget themselves. They must have no ideas, no opinions. They must obey and be silent.

They obey. They must. All over Italy one has the signs of their obedience. One sees that the salt has gone out of life. One sees that the savor has fled from human intercourse. Friends shun one another for fear they may say something which a spy can report to the police.

As a result, the cafés are empty. The restaurants are mournful. No longer do countrymen gather in the public square of the nearby town of a Sunday afternoon. No longer does the workman seek out his friends for a quiet chat when the day's work is done.

Discipline! Fascist discipline is a first cousin of Bourbon, Metternichian or any other iron-clad repressive discipline.

The cities teem with police agents and spies. Most of them are piece-work spies, persons who can be sure to get a bit of change if they report what some irate gentleman may have said when he was indiscreet enough to drink a half bottle too much.

Naturally people begin to see spies everywhere. Careful cultivation of the psychology of fear, incessant use of all sorts of intimidation, makes people like children in a wood, their fevered imaginations conjuring demons out of every tree stump.

THE true danger to the individual Italian is not that he will say something the government does not like, but that he will say something his neighbor does not like. Personal grudges need not fester in modern Italy. The man with a grudge tells the police that his enemy has spoken ill of Mussolini.

It is equally dangerous to have a beautiful wife. If a police agent or a Fascist stripling chances to see her, the husband may go to the confino for damning the government.

The Italians do not protest. They know it is futile. They come of families which have historical experience. Italy for countless centuries has had dictators and tyrants who have acted in as Mussolinian a fashion as Mussolini.

The Italians are, as a friend of mine put it very aptly, of the decadent classical temperament. They are not romanticists in politics.

Rather than suffer, they would commit suicide. There are no illusions about the cleansing, purifying nobility of suffering, the divine virtues of sacrifice. When it becomes painful to talk, the Italian stops talking. Or he finds out how to get around the danger. He never runs his head full tilt against a wall.

So there is no talking in Italy, no criticism or comment of the government. The nation is as silent as a tomb except for the pæans of triumph of the gentlemen on horseback.

AT ANY RATE, that's what one observes on the surface. Down deep there's another story which the foreigner can never learn unless he speaks Italian as an Italian and unless he knows the Italian as a brother.

Go to a workman in Italy, to an office employee, or to any simple person whose position in life rules out the necessity for external pretense, and ask him whether he is a Fascist. Nine times out of ten you will get no direct answer. The Italian will examine you carefully, evade the issue and spar for time. He will decide which answer is most judicious. Then he will make that answer. Probably you will never find out whether or not it is true.

On the other hand, go among the Italians and ask nothing. Live with them and listen to them. And in time you will begin to find out things.

You will begin to hear little joking stories, little flashes of wit, of irony, of malice. You will hear them not only among those persons who writhe under pressure of Fascist discipline, but also

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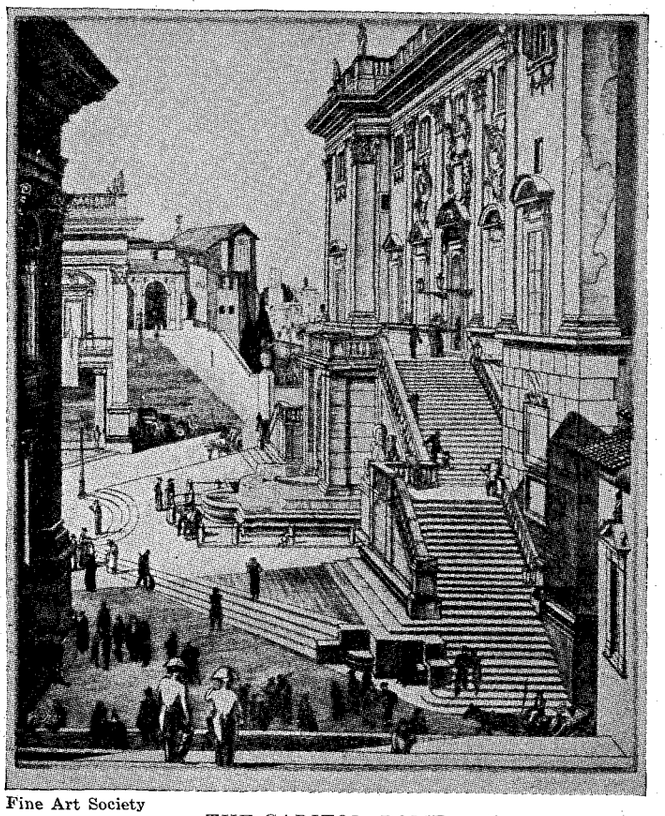
among the Fascists. You will see that nothing and no one is spared the lash of wit.

Under Fascism the famous pair of medieval Italian ironists, Pasquin and Marforio, who flayed the popes and despots, have come to life. Their name is legion.

The country is flooded with thousands of pasquinades, anecdotes holding up to ridicule or contempt somebody or something. Most of them are indirect. The point is made only by the fact that the listener fills in some of the gaps. Hence it is hard to send any one to jail for making a pasquinade. Besides, they are amusing. And even Fascist judges find it difficult to flay a man while grinning at a joke he has made or bandied abroad.

One day in Rome, I noticed a man whom I knew to be a bitter anti-Fascist elaborately lifting his right arm in Fascist salute when a small group of black-shirted militiamen passed by. I asked whether he had been converted.

"No," he said, "I was showing a friend how high the grass would soon grow in the streets of Rome."



Fine Art Society

THE CAPITOL, ROME
Etching and line engraving by Geoffrey H. Wedgwood

On another occasion at lunch a young Fascist official handed me a coin. He asked me to read the words on it. It bore the Mussolinian phrase: "Better one year of a lion's life than a hundred years of a sheep's life."

"Have you ever looked for the sheep?" he asked. "Well, look at the other side of the coin."

I found a picture of King Victor Emmanuel on the other side.

In a wine shop late one evening, we were talking about the excellent wine crop. Italy has more wine than it can use and sell this year.

"The other day," one of the men at the table said, "Acerbo (an official) went to Mussolini to tell him of the crisis in the wine industry. Mussolini asked him to suggest what could be done.

" 'Your Excellency,' said Acerbo, 'I suggest that you resign.' Mussolini was stunned. He bellowed forth in rage that he would dismiss him from office if he repeated such an impertinent and seditious remark.

" 'Be calm, Your Excellency,' Acerbo answered calmly. 'What I mean is this. You resign. Then each of the 40,000,000 people in this country would drink at least a barrel of wine. And after forty-eight hours when the wine crisis is settled, you return to office.' "

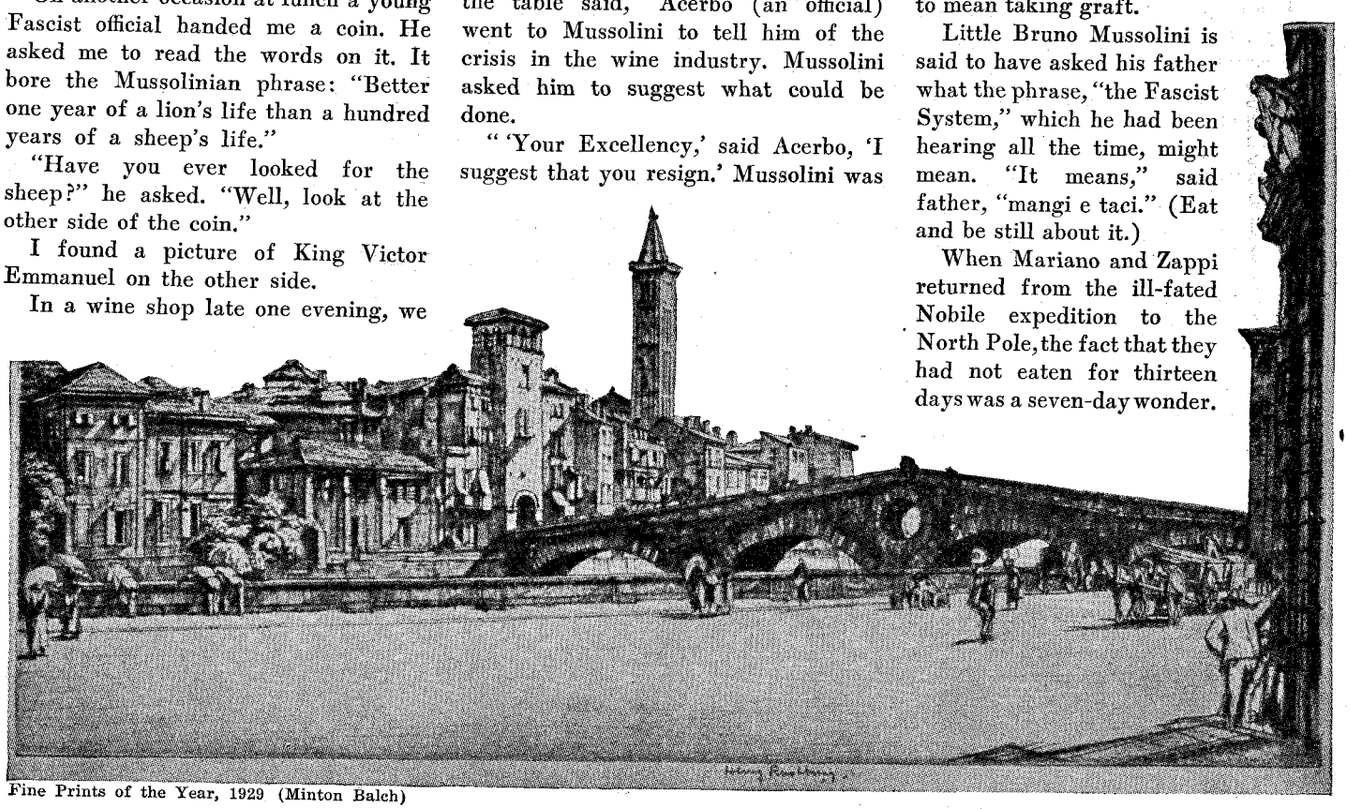
The number of stories mocking Mussolini's "demographic propaganda"—the effort to increase the birth rate—is enormous. They are rich and earthy. As one might suspect, I can't think of one which could be printed without fear of some sort of legal action from the blue-stockings.

The same is true of hundreds of scandalous stories which travel like wildfire from person to person, from house to house, from city to city.

The great majority of the pasquinades are about Fascist greed and graft. In popular slang, the word mangiare (which means to eat) is used to mean taking graft.

Little Bruno Mussolini is said to have asked his father what the phrase, "the Fascist System," which he had been hearing all the time, might mean. "It means," said father, "mangi e taci." (Eat and be still about it.)

When Mariano and Zappi returned from the ill-fated Nobile expedition to the North Pole, the fact that they had not eaten for thirteen days was a seven-day wonder.



Fine Prints of the Year, 1929 (Minton Balch)

ROMAN BRIDGE, VERONA
Dry-point by Henry Rushbury

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"They say," ran the pasquinade, "that Mussolini intended to expel them from the party. A Fascist violates all the best traditions of the party if he does not mangiare for thirteen days. But then Mussolini found out about Malmgren and everything was all right . . . "

The Pope is not exempt.

When the ceremony of signing the Lateran Pact between Italy and the Holy See was to take place, it is said by the author of another pasquinade, that the Pope suddenly found himself alone with Mussolini in a room at the Vatican. Since it is the custom in Italy under such circumstances to announce one's name to the other person, the Pope bowed and said: "Pio Undicesimo" which means Pius the Eleventh. Mussolini bowed and said: "Pio tutti" which, by a play of words in the Romanesco dialect means, "I take everything."

When Cardinal Gasparri called at a Roman bank to cash the gigantic cheque given the Vatican as part of the pact, the clerks are said to have raised their right arms in the Fascist salute.

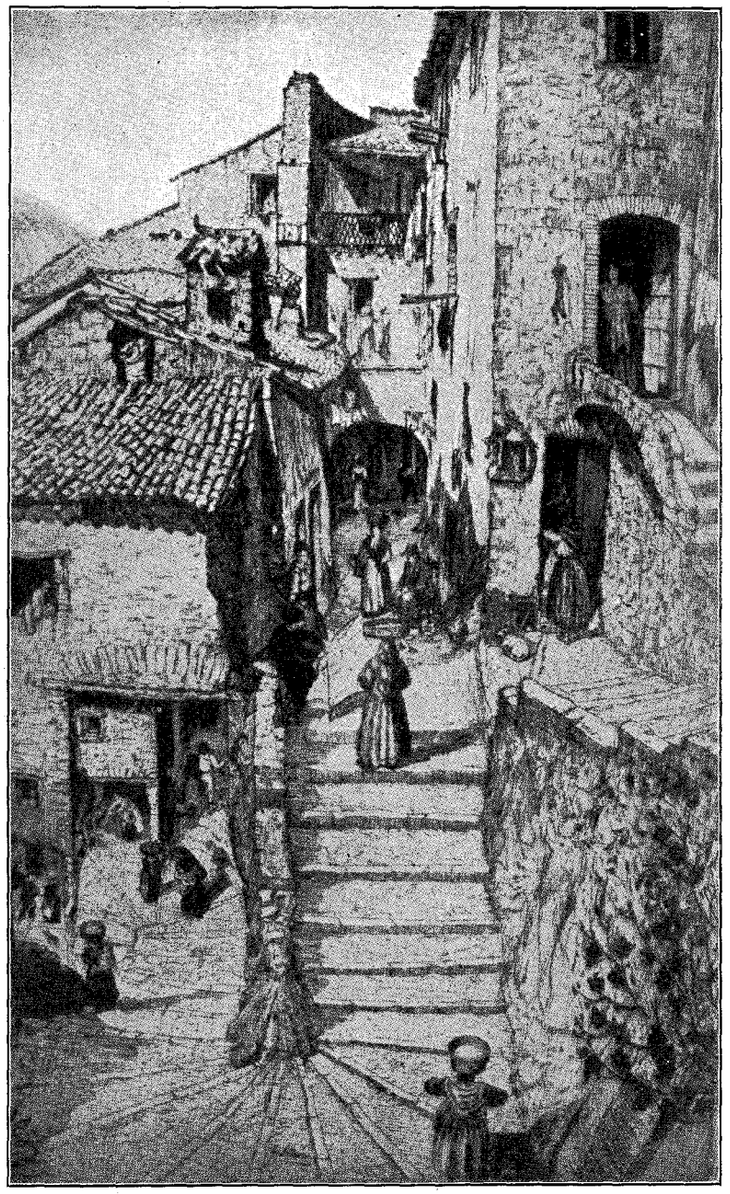
"No," the Cardinal commented smilingly. "Both arms would be more appropriate this time."

Marconi, the inventor; Volpi, the Fascist who retired from the Finance Ministry one of the richest men in Europe, and Turati, the secretary general of the Fascist Party, are said to have arrived at a country hotel and to have asked for food. The proprietor insisted on seeing their credentials, which, unfortunately, they did not have with them.

"Well, then," said their genial host, "I know a way out of the difficulty. Each one of you can do something to prove your identity."

Marconi took a fork and a piece of wire and in a few minutes was talking by wireless to London. The host was satisfied. Volpi asked the proprietor where his watch was. The proprietor put his hand in his pocket. The watch was gone. "You are Volpi, all right," he remarked ruefully. "But what about you?" turning to Turati.

Turati said: "Oh, I can't do anything."



THE STEPS, ANTICOLI
Dry-point by Job Nixon

"Oh, then, you must be Turati all right."

A traveler in Egypt announced to an Italian friend that he intended to visit Luxor. The friend, puzzled, remarked that he knew of a town named Lux but none named Luxor.

"That's all right," said the traveler, "Volpi was there and he took the *or* (the gold) away."

Perhaps the most famous pasquinade tells of a meeting in a northern Italian city of a group of podestas or Fascist mayors. One young man wanted to know the meaning of the letters S. P. Q. R. (the Senate and the People of Rome) which he has seen everywhere.

"That," an older podesta explained, "means *'Signor Podesta Quanto Ruba.'* Mr. Podesta, how much do you steal?"

"And I," said another podesta, "can tell you the answer by reversing the letters: *'Rubo Quanto Posso Shush.'* I steal as much as I can, hush."

To understand clearly the spirit which underlies these pasquinades one must realize that the triumphant Romanism of Mussolini does not reflect the essence of Italian thinking and feeling. Since the Diocletian Empire fell to pieces Italy has been Italian, not Roman.

Let me quote a few paragraphs from a magazine article to illustrate my point. It is from the pen of Leo Longanesi of Bologna, an ardent Fascist. Telling of a railway journey he said:

"Inside the car, hanging from the luggage rack, was a colored poster depicting a Roman warrior, square set and muscular, wading robustly through a stream. Underneath the poster were the words: Julius Caesar, a play by Enrico Corradini, to be given at Taormina.

"(Outside the window one could see the countryside near the university city of Bologna.)

" 'We don't want the Romans in these hills,' shouted Longanesi, tearing down the poster, 'they ruined the Etruscans once, but that once was enough.' "

So numerous have the pasquinades of Fascist origin become that Turati, the secretary general of the party, was forced not long ago to recognize officially their existence. He issued an order warning members of the party against

(Please Turn to Page 635)

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The Stream of Business

By FRANK A. FALL

A Cause Célèbre

DEATH has broken in for the second time on the Bethlehem-Youngstown merger battle, which seems destined to go into history as one of the most sensational business struggles of all time. Leroy A. Manchester, chief counsel for the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company, shot himself on June 27, dying instantly. On August 8 Myron C. Wick, Jr., in whose name the suit to enjoin the merger was filed, died of pneumonia after a week's illness.

The course of American business has been marked by many encounters between great industrial corporations, but few, if any, have been packed so full of thrills as this one. The enterprises involved are outstanding units in one of the world's basic industries. The merger plan has been supported by men whose achievements in steel production are known everywhere, and by distinguished legal talent including a former member of the Cabinet. It has been opposed by men whose fighting qualities and abilities must be rated as phenomenal.

The proceedings at Youngstown have been complicated by serious charges and counter-charges; by vigorously expressed doubts as to the efficiency, if not the integrity, of internationally known public accountants; by the peculiarities of the Ohio law, under which shareholders voting their stock against the merger were deprived of dividends; and by revelations of millions paid in bonuses to executives, in addition to stated salaries. Any one of these complications would have been enough to turn the eyes of the business world toward Youngstown, and hold them there. Together, they make the Bethlehem-Youngstown engagement truly a battle of the century.

More Business Ethics

UP UNTIL a few days ago the wood heel industry, in spite of an annual production of 100,000,000 pairs of heels and a yearly business totaling $20,000,000, made very little noise about itself. Then it suddenly became class-conscious, organized the National Wood Heel Manufacturers of America and adopted a trade practice code. If the new association's canons of business ethics are approved by the Federal Trade Commission, the industry will be able to proceed against any manufacturer who refuses to play according to the rules.

The organization meeting was staged in New York, and companies responsible for about 80% of the total production were represented. Markham Flannery, the Federal Trade Commission's director of trade practice conferences, presided, and steered the manufacturers through their first meeting. Eighteen resolutions were presented and seventeen of them were adopted.

The industry sells its output chiefly to manufacturers of women's shoes, and one of the important problems involved is that of the substitution of beech or birch for maple, which the shoe manufacturers prefer on account of its superior wearing qualities. This point will be handled in such a way as to relieve the Federal Trade Commission of passing on the comparative suitability of various raw materials.

While this new organization will mean most to the heel makers themselves, it will also have an important impact on our general business health. One more industry has put its house in order. Others should be urged to come on in. The water is fine!

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) August 7—83.1. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) August 7—76.6.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended July 26—919,349 cars (reduction of 8,907 under preceding week and of 183,204 under same week of 1929).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended August 2—58% of capacity (increase of ½ of 1% over preceding week.)

Crude Oil Production Week ended August 2—daily average gross 2,515,300 barrels (increase of 26,600 over preceding week; reduction of 393,300 under same week of 1929).

Grain Exports Week ended August 2—4,116,000 bushels (increase of 626,000 over preceding week and of 1,397,000 over same week of 1929).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended August 7—$10,311,121,000 (increase of 8.4% over preceding week; reduction of 23.2% under same week of 1929).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended August 7—452 (reduction of 16 under preceding week; increase of 17 over same week of 1929).

Vagaries—Series 6

THE Secretary for Vagaries has received a complaint,—the first one since the series began on April 30. It is that "they don't appear often enough," and we can't feel too badly about that. Anyway, here goes for the sixth spasm, which adds to the chronicle:

1. That member of the municipal council of Seville who advertises Spanish products by using olive oil as the only lubricant for his automobile.

2. That South Carolina bank depositor who remarked "Who wouldn't be?" when he read the newspaper headline "Burglar Surprised by Bank Official Working Late."

3. That Kansas barber who wears rubber gloves when cutting hair "to keep our celebrated hair restorer from causing hair to grow on my hands." It always registers.

4. That Polish citizen of Trenton, N. J., who uncoupled two cars of a waiting freight train to let his auto through. He was arrested later, but meanwhile he had met his engagement on time.

5. That all-metal building which will soon be erected in Chicago. The exterior walls will be of glass and a non-corrosive alloy which looks like silver. The structure will be heated by electricity.

A Useful Revision

Railroad Administration (Appleton $3.50), by Ray Morris, was first published in 1910. Since that time much water has gone under the railroad bridge, but William E. Hooper, formerly financial editor of the "Railway Age Gazette," has had his eye on the stream, and has brought the original edition neatly and completely up to date.

The chief transportation problem which has developed in the past two decades,—consolidation,—is admirably handled in this revision. Another advantage of the new edition is the fact that its scope is not limited to the railroads of the United States and Canada. It covers England, France, Spain and South Africa as well.

Competition, the authors conclude, has always been an important factor in making railroad operation profitable. In the old days it led to rebates to large shippers. Now it is apparently leading to better service furnished to all shippers, faster and more reliable freight service, and more courteous passenger service. Ultimately it will lead to both satisfactory service and profitable operation.

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▶▶ Just Stations ◀◀

By T. R. YBARRA

PARIS.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE—or Aachen, as the Germans call it. The usual broad German station-platform, much hurrying to and fro of hikers wearing knapsacks, intent on catching local trains, much trundling back and forth of little wagons on which are offered, for the temptation of passengers in through trains, sausages and cakes and fruit and beer.

"Einsteigen!" Deep-voiced Teutonic conductors and station employees shout the warning word which means, in Germany, that it is time for you to take your seat in your train—in case you have been buying food and drink from one of the little wagons, or idling about on the station-platform. You take your seat, off goes the train.

After half an hour or so you are on the German-Belgian frontier. The train hustles along, through charming scenery. It passes Verviers, Pepinster. Now on one side of the track, now on the other, winds a well-macadamized road, fringed with cottages and places of refreshment for man and beast. Everything is most peaceful.

"Liége! Ten minutes' stop!"

Maybe, you go out on the station-platform and glance casually about you, knowing that your Paris train will not start for a little while yet. You note a city set in a deep valley, almost encircled by hills. Liége.

Then, suddenly, you begin to remember things.

Aix-la-Chapelle, the German-Belgian frontier, that road winding along deeper and deeper into Belgium? Why—yes, of course! Along that road the German army, hundreds of thousands strong, marched, when it first set foot on Belgian soil in the summer of 1914. Just beyond Aix-la-Chapelle, the huge main force of Wilhelm Hohenzollern's redoubtable forces left the fatherland behind them and pushed forward onto foreign soil. A few miles beyond the frontier they encountered the first resistance—from a brave Belgian gendarme, who, despite the masses of enemies suddenly confronting him, fired a shot into the midst of them, and fell dead, pierced by many German bullets.

Why—the train this morning must have passed the very spot! And then—Liége! The first pitched battle. Street fighting. The roar of cannon, shaking a world sunk into a very stupor of peaceful contentment. Burning rafters, crashing to the ground behind crumbling walls, and everywhere firing and cursing and the glare of conflagration. The Belgian defenders of Liége's ring of forts crushed by the impact of the Kaiser's great army—Liége in German hands. Why—of course—

"En voiture!" The Belgian conductor of the train for Paris is shouting his warning to passengers promenading up and down the station-platform. You take your seat.

Now you are no longer the supercilious, half-dozing passenger of a couple of hours back. You realize that you are crossing historic ground. Your train is dashing along what was the high-road of German invasion in 1914, the road along which Germany's masses of infantry, her thousands of cannon, her clouds of cavalry, drove forward relentlessly, on those summer days of sixteen years ago, toward the shining goal of Paris.

"Namur! Five minutes' stop!"

Ha! Namur—the great fortress, on which so much depended, which the Allies hoped would slow up—possibly halt—the German advance. Namur—which, to the despair of Belgians and Frenchmen and Englishmen and their sympathizers everywhere, fell almost without a shot, letting the Teutonic wave roll over it. As you glance at the station-platform of Namur, your eyes are no longer lackadaisical, as they were before your memory was working. That station-master—perhaps he saw the German army march in. That lame Belgian over yonder—maybe his limp comes from a German bullet—

"En voiture!"

Off goes the train.

"Charleroi! Two minutes' stop!"

So two minutes are enough, in 1930, for Charleroi, where, in 1914, Sir John French and the rest of the generals of Britain threw in the meagre but valorous battalions of the "Old Contemptibles," and fought desperately to hurl back the Germans. What a battle that was, Mons-Charleroi! How hard the Britons fought, how irresistibly the Teutons pushed them out of the way, how—

"En voiture!"

A short run. The train enters France.

"Jeumont! Douane française!"

French customs officials, casually smoking cigarettes out of the corners of their mouths, ask you if you have anything to declare. Jeumont—what a neat, fresh-looking station it is—how extremely spick-and-span. Who would think that, hereabouts, a short twelve years ago, the earth was torn up by shellfire and scarcely a house was standing and skeletons of dead soldiers, blown to pieces in bloody battle, were turned up with every few strokes of peasants' spades.

After Jeumont memory-arousing station-names come thick and fast.

Landrecies. Isn't this where the British made another desperate stand, checked for a few precious hours the Teutonic flood?

Le Cateau. Wasn't that where Smith-Dorrien stood, in a hell of fire and death, until numbers told again and his "Tommies" were flung back toward Paris?

"Saint-Quentin! Ten minutes' stop!"

There's a station-name for you! Saint-Quentin! In the heart of the 1914 fighting; in the very center of the War until its very end in 1918. The Hindenburg Line—why, yes, of course, the Hindenburg Line was around here. Near here it was broken at last, letting Frenchmen and Britons and Americans through for the last great blow.

Saint-Quentin—but can this be it? That cathedral over there, across the tracks—rather battered, to be sure, but—no, this can't be the place! A few tumble-down shacks near the railway, a few shattered walls, but—how neat all the rest is, how spick-and-span. Surely, the German army never passed through this Saint-Quentin on its way "nach Paris!"

Off goes the train.

"Chauny!" How bitterly men fought for that town!

"Noyon!" Can it be but fourteen years ago that Old Tiger Clemenceau silenced factional quarreling in the French Chamber of Deputies, by thundering:

"Gentlemen! Have you forgotten that the enemy is at Noyon?"

An hour more—and you are in Paris. Half an hour more and you are plunged back into city life, into peaceful today. Far away now are those bloody yesterdays of the World War!

(Please Turn to Page 638)

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An Even Break for Sir Thomas

By WILLIAM WALDRON SWAN

BEFORE Sir Thomas Lipton was born, a group of Americans who had been racing various types of sail boats in New York Harbor, got their heads together and talked over the possibilities of building a fast American pilot boat and taking her abroad. There was some discussion as to whether a sloop or a schooner should be built. The schooner type won out, due to the length of the trip in open water and the comparative ease with which such a vessel could be handled in a storm.

The yachtsmen then called on W. H. Brown who had a building and repair yard at the foot of Twelfth Street, East River, to take the contract. The actual work of designing and building the yacht was in the capable hands of George Steers, the best boat designer of his day and reputed to be a good builder. In that era naval architects were unheard of. The boat builder with a vessel to design wandered through his yard until he found a small clear piece of soft white pine and then, seated on a box in the shade, jackknife in hand, he whittled out the shape of the proposed hull.

When Brown finished this particular model he called together the group who formed the first American yacht syndicate and exhibited his handiwork. One can almost visualize this meeting—the model passing from hand to hand, each man holding it at various angles and squinting along its sides or bottom, commenting, criticizing: "Not nearly beamy enough." "Too fine for'ard." "That's a good run aft." "She ought to run and reach well." Far, far into the afternoon. . . .

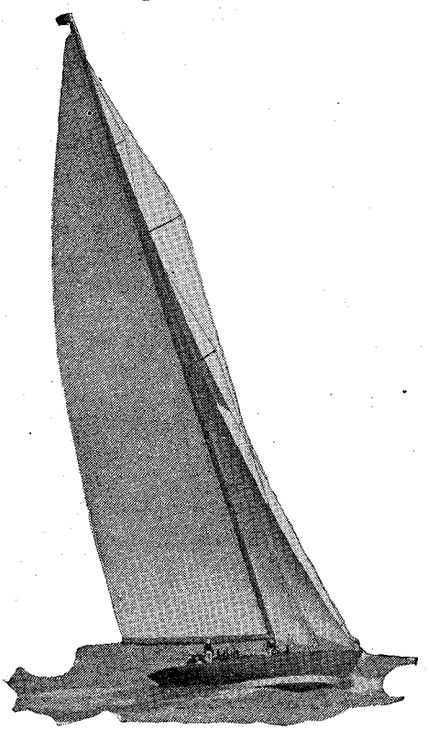
At last the model was approved with minor changes, in spite of some head shaking because it seemed rather radical in design. Then, the time being short if the boat was to be ready for the trans-Atlantic trip the following summer, a contract was immediately drawn up between the Builder and the Syndicate. This contract, in view of modern conditions, was such a sporting gesture on the part of the builder that it deserves particular mention. Among other things Brown agreed to build the boat for nothing if it did not beat every boat then racing around New York. The total sum to be paid was *around twenty-five thousand dollars.*

Thus was the famous *America* built. She sailed, as a pioneer, to France and England to spread the news that Americans could design a racing boat: that they could sail a boat in a race, and that they had their own ideas as to design and cut of sails.

The *America* was a fast boat. She won from the cream of British cutters and schooners in a race around the Isle of Wight. The trophy, a rather small but ornate pitcher (without a bottom), was brought home and dubbed "America's Cup"—won by an American schooner when Sir Thomas Lipton was one year old.

This race was sailed August 22, 1851. There were eighteen starters including schooners and cutters from 392 tons down to 47 tons. The *America* rated only 170 tons. The race was 53 miles from start to finish and took 10 hours and 37 minutes in elapsed time for the winner.

The trophy was kept by Commodore John C. Stevens, one of the original syndicate, until it was deeded to the N. Y. Yacht Club in 1857 as a perpetual challenge cup for friendly competition between foreign countries. A notice to this effect was sent to all foreign yacht clubs, but there were no challenges, and the matter was forgotten entirely during the turmoil of the Civil War.



Acme

SHAMROCK V

The first real challenge came from John Ashbury in 1869. His schooner, *Cambia,* designed and built by Michael E. Ratsey of Cowes in 1868, was typical of the day, a keel yacht heavily built and heavily rigged. The *Cambia* raced the *Dauntless,* a schooner owned by Vice-Commodore James Gordon Bennett, Jr., New York Yacht Club, across the Atlantic and won by less than two hours. Once over here Mr. Ashbury was shocked to learn that he had to race his single vessel against the whole New York Yacht Club fleet in order to regain the America's Cup. He objected long and loudly, but to no purpose, and the race was sailed under these rather unfair conditions—except that handicaps were alloted under a recently adopted cubic contents rule.

The *Cambia* was beaten, finishing eighth with handicap deducted. The race was won by the *Magic,* a shoal centerboard schooner originally built, in 1857, by T. Byerly & Sons, Philadelphia.

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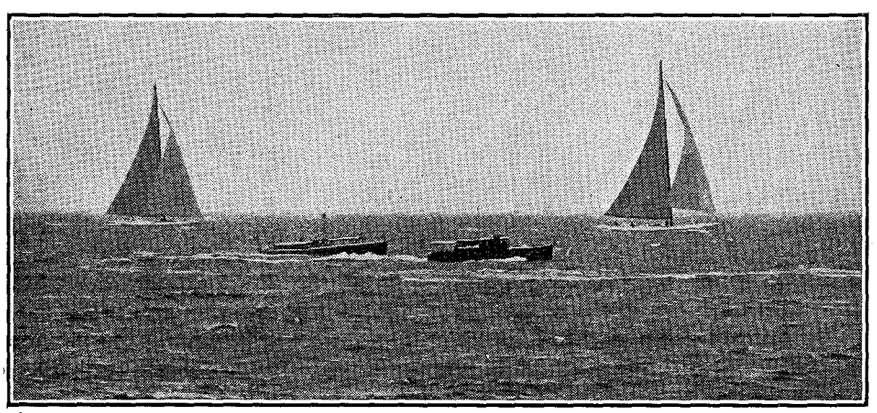

Keystone

The Weetamoe leading the Enterprise off Newport, R. I.

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▸▸ At the Bottom Looking Up ◂◂

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

ALMOST exactly a year ago business activity, after breaking all previous records, turned definitely downward and has since continued to recede. The statisticians and the forecasters are now convinced that the end of the recession is near and are hopefully looking for indications of a reversal of the trend. When the business curve changed its direction in the midsummer of 1929 few were aware of what had occurred. Slight dips of a few weeks' duration are not uncommon, and so the first signs of a decline were not diagnosed as the beginning of a major reaction. Indeed, the stock market, which is supposed to be a barometer of impending changes, kept on advancing for two months after trade and industrial activity had "made their top."

But we have now descended from the peak into the valley. It is a new road, and we are not yet certain that the descent is at an end, though there is evidence on every hand that if we have not reached the end we are not far from it. As these lines are written there lie before me the verdicts of a dozen forecasters on what the future has in store. Nine of them are optimistic, and not one of them is pessimistic. They all agree that the worst lies definitely behind, but three are dubious regarding an immediate turn for the better and believe that we shall jog along in the valley for a time before we start to climb the hills.

THE point of disagreement here is not one of major importance. It amounts practically to a question whether the upturn is to come in the autumn or whether it is to be delayed until next spring. As to that we can only wait and see. At any rate, it is better to be at the bottom looking up than at the top looking down.

When we are told, therefore, by one of the great New York banks in its monthly review of business conditions that we are now in "the ultimate pit of depression," that is nothing to become discouraged about. It is a "bull point" if we are really in the ultimate pit, for the next step will be upward.

Various reasons are advanced to support the conclusion that we are very near the end of the long decline.

1. The sharp curtailment of production during past months is causing consumption to make inroads on the surplus stocks which have been hanging like storm clouds over the commodity markets. At the end of June there was ground for encouragement in the fact that stocks of merchandise were much smaller than a year ago. That surpluses are at last being cleared out is an augury for a coming increase of production, but this clearing-out process must be carried to completion before full recovery is possible.

2. While the latest data of employment are not encouraging, for the reason that they reflect the seasonal dullness, the reduced purchasing power of the workers is being offset in some degree by the final advent of lower retail prices. According to all rules and precedents, retail prices should work still lower. They are less sensitive to major economic developments than are wholesale prices, and they do not fluctuate so widely nor respond so promptly to changing conditions of supply and demand. But the effect of the prolonged decline of wholesale prices is now beginning to show on prices at retail, and in due course this should stimulate consumer buying.

3. The weight of opinion among industrial leaders is adverse to any reduction of wages. There have been sporadic wage-cuts, but some of these have come automatically under a previously arranged sliding-scale agreement, whereby wages are adjusted in accordance with the price of the product. There is some talk of "deflating labor," but fortunately for business prospects, it does not come from representative employers, the majority of whom appear to be convinced that such a policy would only prolong the depression.

4. Even without these favoring influences, the autumn months should bring some of the improvement customary at that time of the year. The crop-moving operations bring more money into farming regions and give a new stimulus to trade. Buying for the winter is necessary even in "hard times."

5. The agricultural price situation has been helped somewhat by weather conditions. During the first week of August, for example, corn was selling at a higher price than wheat, because of the heat and drought in the corn belt. It may seem anomalous that farmers should benefit when the sun parches their crops. Not all of them are benefited by this, of course; many of them in fact may be ruined. Yet it quite frequently happens that the farmers' total income from a short crop with high prices is larger than what they would get from a bumper crop with low prices.

6. Money is easy and promises to remain so for some time. Easy money will not of itself bring on a revival of trade and industry, but it is a very substantial help when other factors are favorable. Indeed, without ample credit the depression of past months might be prolonged indefinitely. The Federal Reserve Board has labored to bring down interest rates and thus ease the readjustment as far as it can. There has been a general reduction in the re-discount rates, and the rate of the New York Reserve bank is now at the lowest point in the history of the institution. The Reserve banks have also been buying government securities and thereby releasing a fresh supply of funds for the use of commerce and industry. From all indications, there will be no dearth of credit to finance the expansion when it comes.

7. There should also be a marked psychological improvement in coming months, inasmuch as comparisons hereafter with the corresponding periods of 1928 and 1929 will be more favorable than they have been in the recent past. Business a year ago was about 10 per cent above a computed normal. This summer it has been about 10 per cent below this normal. We have consequently been comparing the bottom of the depression with the peak of last year's boom. Such a comparison exaggerates our present state of retardation. From now on we shall cease to compare present conditions with the peak of a boom, and the showing should be better. This will be good for business psychology.

MANY and varied influences are thus at work for bringing trade and industrial activity back to normal. The results should be looked for in the future rather than in the present, for current data continue to show the effects of the midsummer dullness. And it is well to note that recovery, whether it comes soon or late, does not mean a return to the conditions of 1929. There is a tendency in some quarters to regard the events of the past twelve months as a sort of interruption to the normal trend and to think of recovery as the restoration of the industrial and speculative activity of twelve months ago. But conditions were no more normal twelve months ago than they are today. Recovery does not mean that we are going back over the same road we have just traveled and taking up where we left off last summer.

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

When Summer Comes

THERE is a belief in this country that romance is dead, that men undertake nothing until assured of safety and cash, that modern life is as selfish as a fire. Here is a case that utterly routs any such notion. Just when summer comes, when business houses are supposed either to shut down or ease up, a staid publisher releases three books in full faith that the people will at the same time release coin of the realm in order to secure clear titles to them.

Not a single character in these books was well paid for his hazardous duties, not a one failed at any time to perform his full duty, safety was ignored without courting recklessness, and in presenting us with wholesome reading for the season when the vacationist feels no obligation to keep the home fires burning, the publisher once more proves that Big Business is after all on terms of intimacy with that high court that is always convened—Conscience.

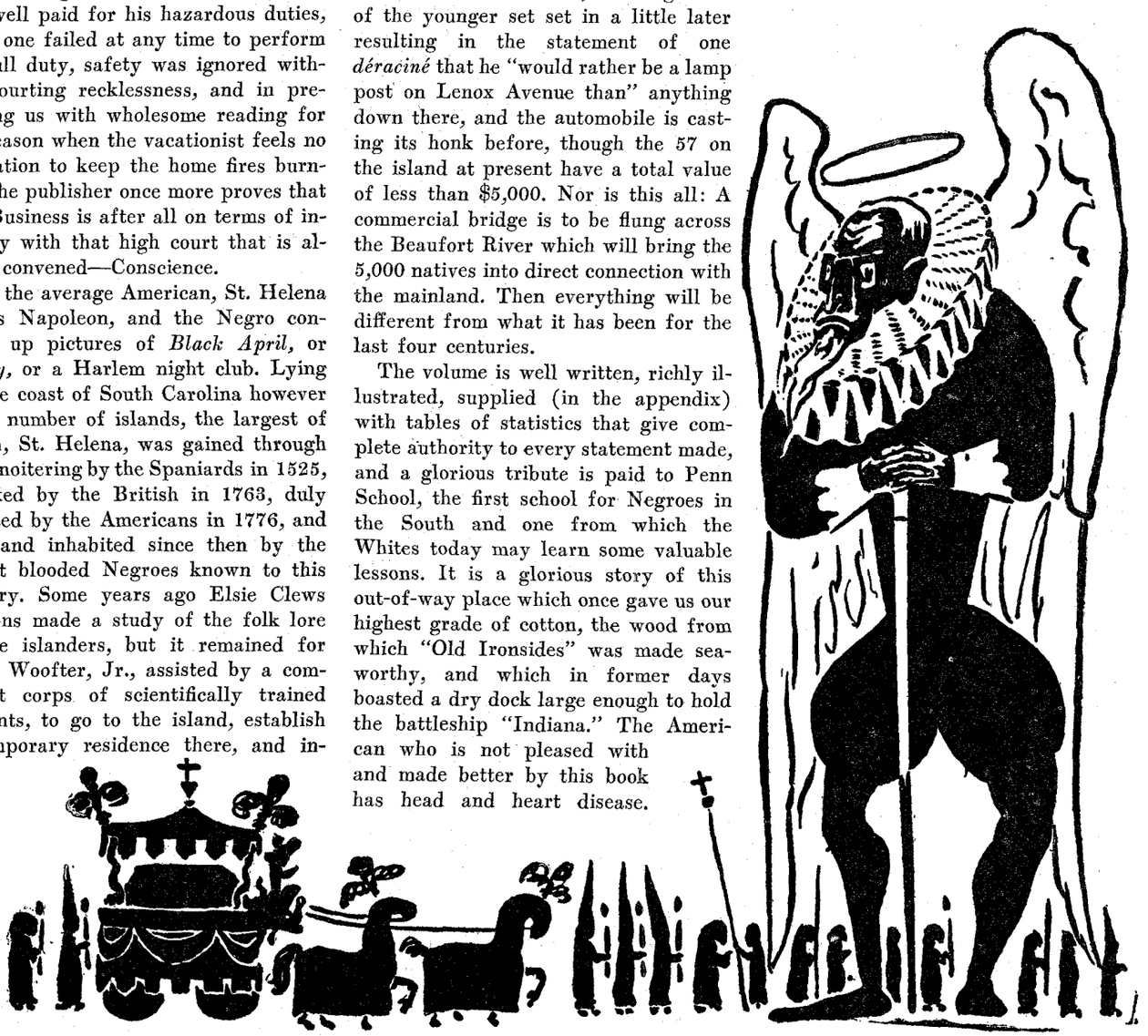
To the average American, St. Helena means Napoleon, and the Negro conjures up pictures of *Black April,* or *Porgy,* or a Harlem night club. Lying off the coast of South Carolina however are a number of islands, the largest of which, St. Helena, was gained through reconnoitering by the Spaniards in 1525, annexed by the British in 1763, duly adopted by the Americans in 1776, and held and inhabited since then by the purest blooded Negroes known to this country. Some years ago Elsie Clews Parsons made a study of the folk lore of the islanders, but it remained for J. T. Woofter, Jr., assisted by a competent corps of scientifically trained students, to go to the island, establish a temporary residence there, and investigate the unique situation from every angle of interest and importance. The findings have been laid down in *Black Yeomanry* (Holt $3.00), a most engaging book, a credit to its author, its publisher, and the South.

The first two chapters deal largely with the political history of the island, or islands, the remaining eleven discuss the practical and human phases of life there. Though as truly a part of the United States as Staten Island, the story reads like one from a distant land. And it had to be written at once if the right spirit was to be captured, for the boll weevil entered in 1918, the migration of the younger set set in a little later resulting in the statement of one *déraciné* that he "would rather be a lamp post on Lenox Avenue than" anything down there, and the automobile is casting its honk before, though the 57 on the island at present have a total value of less than $5,000. Nor is this all: A commercial bridge is to be flung across the Beaufort River which will bring the 5,000 natives into direct connection with the mainland. Then everything will be different from what it has been for the last four centuries.

The volume is well written, richly illustrated, supplied (in the appendix) with tables of statistics that give complete authority to every statement made, and a glorious tribute is paid to Penn School, the first school for Negroes in the South and one from which the Whites today may learn some valuable lessons. It is a glorious story of this out-of-way place which once gave us our highest grade of cotton, the wood from which "Old Ironsides" was made seaworthy, and which in former days boasted a dry dock large enough to hold the battleship "Indiana." The American who is not pleased with and made better by this book has head and heart disease.

To the average American again, a newspaper reporter sits at his desk, after he has dashed off his day's story, dreaming of adventures on the high seas of pirates or in the lowlands of gangsters. When, as is most rarely the case, an A. J. Villiers locks his typewriter, walks out and ships on such a Finnish clipper as the Grace Harwar, the picture is true, and in case he writes a book the reader may expect a cargo of informative thrills. This is what we get in Mr. Villiers' *By Way of Cape Horn* (Holt $3.50).

Ships of this class are being run from the seas by motor-driven vessels. In



Decoration by Jean Charlot for Paul Claudel's "The Book of Christopher Columbus" (Yale University Press)

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1929, however, no fewer than fourteen of them engaged in the great "wheat race" from Australia to England. The Archibald Russell came in first after a voyage of 93 days; the Grace Harwar came in last after 138 days had elapsed. Safely docked in Glasgow, a reporter in a Cork paper listed her arrival after an "uneventful voyage." The man who wrote that had either had his fling with the salt and was through, or he preferred pounding a keyboard to hauling in a badly bellied sail, for nothing outside of being sunk without a trace failed to happen to the Grace Harwar, including the death of that gallant young Australian poet, Ronald Walker.

It is bewildering to think that people will read sea stuff written by other people whose most exciting salt experience was had while rounding the Battery when they might read a classic like this. While these words are being written, for example, the Conte Biancamano is leaving New York with 1,510 passengers on board. The Grace Harwar, with a crew of thirteen, creaking in every joint and out of provisions, was fed on her way up last year by the same Conte, having just previously stood out in the gale that sent the Vestris down. No wonder that Mr. Villiers managed his emotions with difficulty when he left her. The book is richly illustrated by photographs taken in action and contains digressive accounts of what has happened since 1927 to other wind-driven vessels.

To the average American for the last time, the World War represented the acme of efficiency. Some of us who were in the A.E.F. know that in reality things moved with molasses-like slowness. In *The Cavalry Goes Through* (Holt $2) Bernard Newman (George Eliot was his great-aunt) has fought the World War over again as it might have been had the General been able and willing to say, "Come on men, follow me," instead of mimeographing orders and then riding off to Paris to read the results in the dailies.

In his yarn, admittedly a good one, Mr. Newman has the War over in 1917. The politicians then took hold and the real fun began. There is nothing quiet on the Western Front while he and his non-contemptibles are in action. One illustration must suffice, however, to show how he would have had things. Some officers enter the entertainment hut. Soldiers are absorbed in a game around an improvised table. Chess? Checkers? Cards? Dice? No; none of these. The men are playing the game of war. They are practicing the strategy that must be utilized in the next drive. They are working off-time and over-time on problems that would harass Generals.

The book is graphically written, footnotes enable the reader to keep in touch with the facts, and sketched-in maps show us where we are. But when the

Drawings from "The Pointed People" (Macmillan) written and illustrated by Rachel Field

private soldiers of any man's army conduct themselves as these men did here, the politicians of any man's country will have too much conscience to ask Big Business to finance a war.

The hardened staff officer will swear that Mr. Newman has been affected by the heat and will be left cold by his fancy; but you have got to admit that it might all have happened this way—if the enemy in this case had been as inert and afraid of the dark as he is herein reported to have been.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD.

The Week's Reading

LIFE in New York, according to Carl Van Vechten, differs from life in other great cities chiefly by virtue of its law prohibiting the sale of liquor. More cocktail parties take place in one day, upon Manhattan Island, than in a month elsewhere. In his last novel, *Parties* (Alfred A. Knopf $2.50), he has mixed the gin of jangled nerves with the bitters of youth's despair and shaken them to make a dizzy fillip of strawberry fuzz. The people in the book see life through the mad refractions of mirrored barrooms. There is a diabolic tune to what they say, a riotous redundance to what they do. The speakeasy mutes their restlessness with shattering glasses. The night club band outbellows them when, at dawn, they cry for a ghoulish, electric moon. They live at the oozing bottom of an alcoholic sea, drifting in strange currents among fantastic fish and sinister plants, groping toward each other to be forced apart by the caprice of tides, with only an occasional whiff of oxygen to remind them of the air they left behind. David Westlake, curly-haired Bacchus sworn to the grape, plays reluctant pivot to a group of adorers. Rilda, his wife, drinks to keep near him. Hamish, his best friend, makes no plans for living except David's. Roy, pale, fragile errand-boy of the "Wishbone" speakeasy, pours a frenzied, morphine passion at David's feet. Rosalie, famed hostess, covets David for the jewel of her salon. Noma, whose loves succeed one another as the night the day, loves David because she has not had him. Mrs. Alonzo Syreno needs him for social prestige as well as for satisfying sin. The ladies who fling their roses in his path are legion. And to this devotion, even to Rilda, whom he loves, David shows an impassive insouciance. Only one person in this feverish throng is happy. The old Bavarian Gräfin, whose life has heretofore been a model of circumspection, casts tradition to the winds, hires a gigolo, and joins the mad-caps. Wearing high boots and a ribboned bonnet, she prowls from the "Wishbone" to Harlem, sometimes weeping for the sadness of this gaiety, but always spilling over with gusto. She, for one, has realized her dreams. She is free to drink and frivol on the fringes of youth. "After all," she thinks, "what was life itself but a succession of contradictory moods and one's victory in life, like one's success at a party, depended on how one reacted to these moods." Hers are the only laurels for victory in the book. Mr. Van Vechten spills his glittering, metallic nonsense across the pages. It falls in scattered shards, leaves tiny, broken images upon your mind. *Parties* reminds you of nothing so much as the many-colored fragments of old bottles cemented along Italian walls which keep you from climbing over to see where the owner really lives.

Felix Salten, the Viennese, whose

The Outlook's Five Inch Shelf

For Week-End Reading

Mystery: **Is No One Innocent?** by M. H. Gropper and Edna Sherry: Cosmopolitan.
Novel: **Parties,** by Carl Van Vechten: Knopf.
Biography: **Lone Cowboy,** by Will James: Scribner's.
Miscellaneous: **Fifteen Rabbits,** by Felix Salten: Simon & Schuster.

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story of *Bambi,* the stag-king of the forest, was a book of the month, now unfolds the perilous lives of two spoon-eared, quivering rabbits in *Fifteen Rabbits* (Simon & Schuster $1). Rabbits belong to a hunted race. Their only defense is to flee. They who, of all animals, seek no victims, fall prey to hawks, foxes, dogs and men. These humble creatures, soft, swift, tiny, alert, grow with the weight of tragedy upon them. Their fate is never to rest, always to listen. The price of living, for rabbits, is the art of fear. Hobs and Plana, the two protagonists of this tale, are lucky, at least during their first year, when we know them. But from the early weeks of summer, as they leap in an open meadow to disport their tender energies, they must learn the force of evil. They see pheasants and partridges plop dead from sudden lightning cracks and their bodies carried off by fearful two-legged monsters. They watch a stag bound to earth and lie quite still. From the thicket where they take refuge they observe the manoeuvres of a hawk low-flying to the grass in hot pursuit of one of their bob-tailed friends. At the early snowfall, they watch a band of bipeds slaughter a whole field of their kind, leaving the stains and acrid stench of blood upon the snow for days. Then comes mid-winter, with deep dragging drifts from which they can hardly hoist their tiny legs, with no kindly foliage to hide them, with no food for their lean bellies. At last, in hurricane, the spring bursts back into the woods. Hobs and Plana have completed the cycle of a year. Herr Salten's sensitivity crowds out your rebellious fear of whimsy and the pathetic fallacy. He writes of the rabbits and their real tragedies in the scurrying rhythm of their light feet. He makes you feel the supremacy of the forest behind and about them, as you might feel the immutable laws of life and death which surround the heavier beat of our own wayward steps.

Among the blue books from the "Inner Sanctum," that is, the more serious ones, the first is *The Earth Told Me* (Simon & Schuster $1) by Thames Williamson, the author of *Hunky.* A few writers appear, upon occasion, who feel the rhythm of the earth, the rhythm of man's primordial struggle, in their veins. The slow, inexorable pulse of seasons beats out its time in their blood. The cycle of birth and death through animal and human life comes to these writers as the ruthless truth of existence. Jensen, Hamson, and Reymont have felt this rhythm. Now Mr. Williamson, in his story of the Alaskan tundra, writes to the breath of the slow, yielding earth. Taliak lives in a hut on the tundra with Orulo, his wife, Akpek, his apprentice, and his Old Mother. He owns some two hundred head of deer. His work is to herd them and look after them. From his mother he inherits the superstitions, the taboos, and the impregnable stolidity of his forbears, the Innuits. He dwells in silence and in peace with his world through the northern summers and the long winters' hibernation. His year divides itself into the rutting season, the hot time when the mosquitoes come and he must drive his herd to the sea's edge, the months when the deer sleep in the corral, and the fawning time. Taliak's days would be quiet, in harmony with the great quiet of the tundra, were it not for Akpek, the apprentice, who has been to a Mission School and, from the dread whites, has learned to look upon a woman with the eyes of jealous love. Akpek desires the brown warmth of Orulo. Taliak discovers that he must fight for his wife. It brings a change to his nature, a sense of weakness and degradation. At last, however, he claims her. A certain fateful excitement runs through the book. Except for a battle between two bulls in the herd, the chase from a pack of wolves, and the last struggle between Taliak and Akpek, there is little surface drama. Yet underneath the cold covering of the earth and

the blunt faces of the Alaskans a fire of life blazes steadily. This tensity which Mr. Williamson rolls up from page to page takes hold of you, gathers you in, and does not release you till the end.

V. P. R.

Will James has at last written his life story. It is probable that the majority of the material used in his fiction was drawn from the autobiographical. In fact, in discussion of his horse Smoky, he admits that in an earlier novel he blended fact with fiction, with a slight leaning toward the former. However, in reading *Lone Cowboy* (Scribner's $2.75), one feels veracity in every line and, certainly, stimulation, for this is one of the strangest life stories that may be encountered in literature. It is doubtful if there is anything else quite like it. Particularly true is this with reference to the first half of the story. Here we find a small boy, an orphan, who has been taken in charge by an old French-Canadian trapper, whom the little boy calls Bopy. The account of their wanderings together, the loneliness of a life that was never considered as lonely, is one of the simplest and most lovely bits of writing that any one is apt to discover. Through mountains, through untrailed country, these two went together on their horses, the boy scarcely able to climb upon his horse's back. The long winters together in their cabin, the boy alone most of the time, cooking for himself, working out games and interests, learning to use the pencil on paper, an urge which was a hunger with him. When we come to Bopy's disappearance, we reach a high peak of restrained and dignified writing. Bopy simply disappeared, drowned surely, leaving the child alone to his own devices. From that time on he was a lone cowboy, relying on no man, no woman, to assist him. We follow him through his varied adventures throughout the cow country, south and north, into Mexico and back again. Fights, prison, jails, cattle thieving, all frankly and gently told, with no offer of excuse for himself when he did wrong, no offer of criticism for those who rendered justice for violation of a code which he knew had been violated. The second high point in the story is the account of Smoky's death, and the way Will James treated the faithful old animal before that death. The war section is not particularly interesting. It is more conventional, and one resents a sort of arrogance here, but that, under the circumstances of one who had never known the ritual of man-made civilization, is more or less natural. The story has fine things in it, and should be read for its native flavor, its grasp of life and its marvelous descriptions of horses. The drawings of animals are alive and interesting, but the drawings of the human beings are dreadful! That is as it should be, when one considers! B. W.

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The Outlook's Guide to the Most Discussed Books

This list of ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon;* JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia;* THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., *Boston, Massachusetts.*

Fiction

Years of Grace, by Margaret Ayer Barnes: Houghton, Mifflin. A detached and clear picture of fifty years with their changing influences. Reviewed July 2.

The Young and Secret, by Alice Grant Rosman: Minton, Balch. Charming, light romance in London setting. Reviewed July 2.

Cimarron, by Edna Ferber: Doubleday, Doran. Picturesque tale of Oklahoma. Reviewed April 9.

Chances, by A. Hamilton Gibbs: Little, Brown. A slight novel about two brothers in love with the same girl, with the War solving all problems. Reviewed June 11.

Exit, by Harold Bell Wright: Appleton. Admirers of Mr. Wright will probably like this one. Reviewed August 13.

Non-Fiction

Roosevelt, by Owen Wister: Macmillan. Entertaining portrait of the President, as revealed in fifty years of intimate association.

The Story of San Michele, by Axel Munthe: Dutton. Picturesque autobiography of a famous doctor. Reviewed May 21.

Strange Death of President Harding, **by M. D.** Thacker: Guild Publishing Co. Will not be reviewed here.

The Adams Family, by James Truslow Adams: Little Brown. A distinguished and highly readable history of America's greatest family. Reviewed June 18.

Green Pastures, by Marc Connelly: Farrar & Rinehart. The white man's idea of the Negro's idea of heaven in a touching play developed from Roark Bradford's stories. Reviewed March 12.

Magazine Articles Recommended

Alice in the Looking Glass, by Helena Huntington Smith. World's Work, August.

Since she set Washington tongues wagging as the irrepressible daughter of President Roosevelt, the present Mrs. Alice Longworth has been much in the news. She has earned the reputation of being a power behind political curtains and even in domestic affairs has always provided good "copy." The author of this interesting portrait concludes by saying: "She worries moralists because she is not a useful person. But in a world where there are *so many* useful people, and where they are so often over-earnest, or foggy or simply dull, keen intellects turn to her with relief, to refresh themselves and rekindle their ideas in that incomparably delightful mind, which quickens every*thing that it touches.*"

The French Foreign Legion, by Sidney E. Whitman. Current History, August.

Through the movies and the dramatic tales of such writers as P. C. Wren ("Beau Geste"), we have come to feel ourselves experts on the subject of the French Foreign Legion. Of its history and real function in the military structure of France we know little. In peace time, Mr. Whitman says, Legionnaires have been singularly troublesome. "Honor they had none; they were *faithful* to themselves alone—honor and loyalty, to say nothing of love for France, was too much to expect of such an aggregation. Add valor, however, and throw in discipline, and the scales level off with astonishing promptness." But in War "the Legion has a splendid record; it has always been shoved head first into the worst pitfalls laid for French arms by a government that saw folly and wastage in risking regular regiments." Today the Legion's numbers have *been raised to 14,000 men and it forms the* nucleus of the French Nineteenth Army Corps. It is always at full strength, remarks the author, "which, considered in the light of the facts concerning it, furnishes food for reflection."

Behind the Blurbs

WHAT happened to the world when children suddenly stopped being born is told in *Red Snow*[1]. The book has a wide sweep and is immensely detailed, but somehow it left us not only cold, but yawning, and when the last man died, we hove a sigh of relief. For there is very little in it that is human. The hero is merely an observer; nothing much happens to him personally, perhaps because he's not really a person. The book reads like a history, and though we make all acknowledgments to the imagination of the author, imaginary history, without humor or anything but the most obvious irony, has little to recommend it. ☙ ☙ ☙ In *Scalps*[2], Sammy Dawson, gypsy flyer, stepped into a peck of trouble when he went up to San Francisco to spend his money, and played around with the blonde Jessie. For Jessie's boy friend was a beer baron, and pretty soon Sammy's number was up. He escaped, with the help of the mysterious Charley Blood, half-breed deputy sheriff with a Heidelberg degree—which the author proves to us by the incorrect use of a handful of German words,—but pretty soon he's mixed up in the murder of the beer baron, and there are fights and pursuits enough to satisfy the most bloodthirsty. Sammy's a good deal of a fool, but he makes one good play when he drops rocks from his plane on to two cars full of gunmen, armed with machine guns. A good, rapid-fire tale of the hit and run variety. ☙☙☙ Eight persons were in the house when Dwight Mortover was drilled with a .32, and judge the predicament Inspector Kennedy found himself in when seven of them confessed to the murder! In order to find the guilty party he had to prove all the others innocent. An original slant for a thriller, and well worked out. We recommend it to your attention. Oh yes, the name of the book is *Is No One Innocent?*[3], and it's by Milton Herbert Gropper and Edna Sherry, which bit of information being too long for a footnote we add here. ☙☙☙ John Buchan's new adventure story, *Castle Gay*[4], concerns itself with the doings of Jaikie and Dougal, Cambridge undergraduates, and their efforts to assist Thomas Carlyle Craw, owner of a string of newspapers, whom they find prisoner in a remote Scotch cottage. Craw has been kidnapped by mistake, but he fears publicity and wishes to get home without undue fuss. Unfortunately in his absence the organizers of a coup d'etat in a small foreign country whose cause he has championed in print, have come to enlist his help, bringing their Pretender with them, and on the trail of these gentlemen are the emissaries of the party in power. Craw's home, the castle of the title, is in practically a state of siege, and what with this and with that our two heroes have a good deal of difficulty, all of which finally is resolved, however, in a perfectly nice way. It is a pity that the appeal to Stevenson must always be made in the case of a romance dealing with Scotland. Buchan writes pleasantly and entertainingly; the atmosphere of romance is well sustained; frequently the story becomes exciting. But Stevenson knew how to omit—and Buchan does not. The story is too long by half. ☙ ☙ ☙ Somewhat different is Thorne Smith's *Did She Fall?*[5], which inquires into the identity of the person who pushed Emily Jane off a cliff. Emily Jane was pretty, but pernicious. She had got herself engaged to Barney. Barney's brother, Dan, wanted to stop the wedding, but Emily Jane had quite a lot on him, as well as on his friend, Sam, so Dan had to keep still. And then, the evening when the engagement was announced, Emily Jane stepped out for a drink and a little petting with Lane, one of her boy friends, and was found next morning at the foot of a cliff. Whereupon in stepped Scott Munson, human bloodhound and friend of all concerned, and took charge of the case. The mystery won't baffle you much, but the story is interesting, there are some entertaining characters, and Mr. Smith has a pleasantly wild humor which we could stand quite a lot more of. ☙☙☙ "Light summer reading" is Bellamy Partridge's *A Pretty Pickle*[6]. George, son of a pickle manufacturer, drives in from his Long Island home to meet Cousin May at the train. He has never seen Cousin May, but he meets a young lady and brings her home, only to discover when he gets there that she isn't Cousin May at all. This doesn't bother the young lady; she stays just the same. Then Cousin May comes, and George manages to get engaged to both of them. Now George has been stalling off his father's wish that he enter the pickle factory by working on an invention. Secretly, he cherishes the desire to become a slogan writer. In order to stall a little longer he arranges to have the plans for his invention stolen. Whereupon ensue complications which are guaranteed to keep you amused on the hottest of August days. Pleasantly written foolery.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

1. By F. Wright Moxley: Simon & Schuster, $1.00.
2. By Murray Leinster: Brewer & Warren, $2.00.
3. Cosmopolitan, $1.50.
4. Houghton Mifflin, $2.50.
5. Cosmopolitan, $1.50.
6. Brewer & Warren, $2.00.

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▸▸ Population Problems ◂◂

As Seen in Recent Books

"OF COURSE the public cannot always be depended upon to read about problems," laments R. L. Duffus in his even-tempered and authoritative little study of *Books: Their Place in a Democracy* (Houghton Mifflin $2). Any one who has ever tried to interest the American people in their own political problems will be in wry agreement with Mr. Duffus; nevertheless we are always intensely preoccupied with the troubles of other people.

For this reason, Colonel Arthur Osburn's *Must England Lose India?* (Knopf $2.75) will probably attract wide attention. Colonel Osburn advances the refreshing theory that India is being lost on the playing fields of Eton, as a consequence of the British upper-class tradition of a hardening, bullying education designed to divide mankind into two classes: those who have been to a British public school and those who wish they had. The author of this irritating volume argues that the real trouble in India is the callous, stupid bad manners of the British towards the native population:

"As a result of this early training, we have now got to the stage when we consider it to be 'cheek' for a Belgian or a Hindu or a member of some weaker race than our own to demand social or economic equality or to argue against our decisions. . . . We have, in short, the prefectorial-complex."

Those who have read *Stalky & Co.* will get the Colonel's point. He claims that the Indians are treated as "fags" and he gives personal accounts of acts of brutality and bullying which bear out his assertions. He has no illusions on the subject of Indian liberty.

"We simply cannot afford even to risk losing our Indian trade (he writes). And trade in India, as elsewhere, depends on Good Will: so we can only keep that trade by beginning to behave like Gentlemen in Asia in the unconventional sense of that word, and cease acting there like successful and self-righteous pirates."

Unfortunately, his very sensible recommendations will be ignored by most people, who will instead fasten upon his unique exhibits of official stupidities in order to discredit the British Administration.

The Indian situation is only a phase of the world's population problems, which are vigorously discussed in *The World's Population Problems and a White Australia* (London, P. S. King & Son), by H. L. Wilkinson. His book is thorough and provocative. He foresees a new age of wars for land by the overpopulated nations and reminds us that "within fifty years the question of the African colonies of Great Britain, France and Portugal will be raised by Germany and Italy. The Monroe doctrine is also likely to be challenged on the questions of certain South and Central American states and the non-use of their lands. The present barriers to the peopling of Australia will also be queried by Italy and Japan."

The author hopes that the readjustment will be peaceful but he remarks that "As an alternative to war it is difficult to find any solution which will appeal both to a hungry, overcrowded people and to a proud, wealthy and powerful nation possessing, but ineffectively occupying, fertile land and not desiring immigrants."

If this prescription is too strong for tender-minded Americans, the same subject is presented in sugar-coated and absolutely sanitary form in *Population* (University of Chicago Press $3), a group of lectures by Corrado Gini, Shiroshi Nasu, Robert R. Kuczynski and Oliver E. Baker, in which the hope is expression for "a solution of this grave problem, not by using the dull instruments of aggression and force (God forbid!), but rather by employing the more efficacious weapons of an intelligent idealism and the scientific spirit."

That political problems are likely to be solved along historical rather than scientific lines is suggested by Thomas Ewing Moore's *Peter's City: An Account of the Origin, Development and Settlement of the Roman Question* (Macmillan $4). The persistence of a purely historical problem such as the "Roman Question" in the face of three centuries of science and its eventual solution suggests the tenacity and inertia of the historical sense. It is particularly interesting to observe the vehemence with which the author, a former American diplomat, espouses the Vatican's side of the controversy, going so far as to brand the pre-Fascist Italian democracy as similar in character to Soviet Russia and to sneer at the Risorgimento. Passion follows the path of history, which explains the difficulty the world experiences in ridding itself of the scourge of war.

There are other problems than those of population alone, other historical tendencies which bind mankind to the past. For example, Salvador de Madariaga's brilliant and authoritative study of *Spain* (Scribner's $5) remarks that "The ambition of every Spanish general is to save his country by becoming her ruler" and points to the antithetical vitality of Hispanic culture that constantly recaptures the influence lost as continually by her political vicissitudes. Spain, he reminds us, has thrice lost her position: once when the Armada was destroyed, again under Napoleon when the Spanish colonies were lost, and again in recent times, embracing the period from 1898 to 1920. Even now Spain is recovering her economic and cultural ascendancy in the Hispanic world.

Another illustration of the tendency towards historical solutions is suggested in *Hindenburg: The Man and the Legend* (Morrow $3.50), by Margaret Goldsmith and Frederick Voigt. This is a skeptical biography, critical of Hindenburg's military record and underlining the German President's devotion to the Imperial ideal, an ideal recently preached by Von Seeckt. Eleven years after Versailles Germany has retraced a great deal of the ground lost in defeat and is today pressing steadily towards a readjustment of political conditions created by the Allied victory in 1918.

The fact is that no political factor is too small to be ignored, as is shown by *A History of the Flemish Movement in Belgium* (Richard R. Smith $3), by Shepard B. Clough. During the War Flemish separatism was pushed by the German General Staff and the Wilhelmstrasse. At that time the idea was contemptuously dismissed as disingenuous German propaganda. The movement still persists and, unless it is intelligently and sympathetically dealt with, will simply await another conflagration for the opportunity to find final expression.

Nevertheless, there is nothing final in politics. No question is ever settled, except by the extermination of a people or the destruction of a territorial or economic asset. In every nation of the world there are a score of political problems, held in check by repression or lulled by compromise. They slumber for centuries, perhaps; then comes their chance and what seemed solid and permanent is shattered into chaos. The greatest of all these problems is the hunger of peoples for economic opportunity, whether expressed in land or in social or political status. It is this which makes the population problem, which is identical with the race and color problem, the greatest challenge to the collective political intelligence of mankind.

JOHN CARTER.

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The Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

Comic, Not Cosmic

LAUREL and Hardy do not, as far as I know, want to play *Hamlet,* either alone or together. They have never been officially informed that they were giant, tragic figures looming through the mists of time and laughing, laughing, laughing to hide their breaking hearts. They have never, thank God, been discovered by Gilbert Seldes or any other first rate dramatic critic. Their press agents do not send out pretty compositions about their libraries, their tastes in verse or their wistfulness. They are merely comic, not cosmic. Nobody has as yet recognized in their uproariously funny episodes anything reminiscent of Shakespeare, the Golden Age of Something, or the Greeks. Æsthetes in literature, music and painting, suddenly startled into a consciousness of the existence of the dreadful, dreadful movies, have as yet refrained from writing pieces about them in expensive, rough-paper magazines. Laurel and Hardy are as yet unspoiled . . . and, most important of all, they are still working and working hard, and producing a generous number of lively and genuinely comic short films. They are still satisfied to be comedians—and I hope that their yachts and country estates are still in the distant future. *Somebody* must pay attention and keep the American people amused.

I am not exaggerating when I say that they are the only comedians left who are doing their duty by us these days. Buster Keaton is still about once or twice a year, but except for the *Cameraman* none of his recent efforts has been particularly successful. Harold Lloyd has made about one picture a year for the past five years, although it is rumored that hereafter he will make two films yearly. As for Charlie Chaplin—well, *The Circus* was released in February, 1928, and his next, *City Lights,* may be finished any time within the next twenty years.

The trouble seems to be that Chaplin and Lloyd have grown rich—and retired. They are loafing on the job just the way you and I would be loafing if we had attained yachts and blocks of stock. Certain Hollywood critics might tell you that the talkies ruined our comedies including "screen art" and the "art of pantomime." This is sheer sentimental bunk. The talkies are twice as speedy as the cumbersome, subtitle-laden silent films, and five times as natural. In the talkies you see and hear at the same moment. In the silents you had to take time out to have things explained to you via written matter.

Stan Laurel, the little fellow with the Scotch-Cockney inflections, is English. Oddly enough he came to this country in a cattle-boat in 1910 as Charlie Chaplin's understudy. Chaplin was then on the stage. In 1917 Laurel went into the movies.

Oliver Hardy, the plump one, is a graduate of the law school of the University of Georgia, his native state. For a while he sang tenor for a living, and for many years he directed and played in silent films. It was not until 1927, however, that Hal Roach, a producer of short films, accidentally cast them together in the same comedy. Immediately he (and the rest of the world) realized that some sort of black magic had occurred. Alone they had hardly caused a ripple; together they are unquestionably the best comedians developed in the past ten years. At present they make from eight to six films a year, the stories and dialogue being written by Harley M. Walker and directed by James Parrott. Inasmuch as Laurel and Hardy speak both French and Spanish, special editions are made of their films in these languages (in Hollywood), while authorities in the latest French and Spanish slang and wisecracks translate the dialogue. One of their films, *Blotto,* dealing with the dubious pleasures of "secret" drinking inspired by prohibition, must be pretty confusing to the French audiences. In Buenos Aires it was advertised as *Vida Nocturna* (Night Life), "entirely spoken in Castilian." In an adjoining column was an ad for champagne at a dollar and a half a quart.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

STAN AND OLIVER, PURITANS
Laurel and Hardy as little Priscilla and big, strong John Alden

Worth Seeing

All Quiet on the Western Front: An honest and exciting war film—something you can not afford to miss.
The Big House: Revolt in a penitentiary with lots of gunplay and melodramatics.
For the Defense: William Powell as a persuasive criminal's lawyer. The story is weak.
Good Intentions: Edmund Lowe in a skillfully directed and therefore interesting crook story.
Grumpy: Cyril Maude in an accurate film copy of the stage play. A good, canned play.
Holiday: A civilized and well-written comedy with the lovely Ann Harding.
Journey's End: A British view of the war. Quite as satisfactory as the stage play.

The New Films

Little Accident: A successful Broadway comedy botched to make a Hollywood holiday.
Queen High: The plot of a good musical show distilled into a dull movie with ancient humor.
Rain or Shine: The superlative Joe Cook and his Broadway show pretty well lost in a mess of movie hokum.

A Recent Travel Film

So many scientists and explorers, many of them excellent photographers, have been coming back with cans of films in the past few years that we have become indifferent to even the most astonishing adventures. As usual, the Soviet cameramen have contributed the best of the lot, *Pamir, the Roof of the World.* This is the record of an expedition of Russian and German scientists to the highest peak in Russia, now inevitably called Mt. Lenin. The scientists indulge in both plain and fancy mountain climbing and the picture has almost as much ice as Byrd's record, which may be a help if this hot spell keeps up.

CONSISTENTLY FUNNY
Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy, almost our only comedians left

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

Heroes

THE policeman was walking his beat.

Every day he walked the same blocks. Every day he put on the same clothes—blue, with shining brass buttons; he fell into the same stride—a kind of watchful sauntering; he swung his stick to the same rhythm, which became a soundless tune of law and order. All, exactly as it had been on the day before.

There was plenty of time on his beat, thought the policeman, to think about things . . . . about when he was a little fellow and going to be president . . . . about the time (the first time) he kissed a girl . . . . about baseball. Gosh! was there an hour when he was a growing boy that he hadn't thought about baseball? He'd sort of made up his mind, along about then, that he didn't care so much for being president. But if he would have thought . . . . that he'd ever make a big team . . . . boy!

He could look back on it all now and laugh. Didn't make no difference; president, kings, big league players, or being policeman in the biggest city in the world; it was all the same. Heroes! Once you was grown up and had learned the rules, you knew there wasn't such a thing . . . . Say! Couldn't these fellows ever get the idea about parking? Who the hell did they think they were?

The policeman jerked his right thumb in the direction of his shoulder and stepped out to the curb. The argument was over in a minute. The chastened car limped on disconsolately down the street.

"Excuse me, sir," said a quiet voice at his back, and the policeman wheeled suddenly. Must be he was getting jumpy! He'd a sworn he knew that voice. But there was only a coupla boys, respectful and sorta scared-looking, waiting for him to answer 'em.

"Well," said the policeman suspiciously.

"Would you mind telling us, sir," spoke up the second and smaller boy with an effort at carelessness, "where is the nearest telegraph office?"

"Telegraph office," repeated the policeman seeming, with what appeared to be deliberate caution, to turn something over in his mind. "You want to send a telegram?" he asked abruptly.

The larger boy hitched up his knickers and tightened his belt. "We don't—" he began, "we don't exactly want to send a telegram."

"You don't want to send a telegram," repeated the policeman judiciously. He had to hand it to himself, come to think of it, that he should spot that voice so quick after all this time. Why, he'd felt a sort of—sort of tug at him—And the policeman smiled so suddenly that the boys stepped backward and for the first time really looked at him.

The policeman straightened his shoulders. "How long," he asked sympathetically, "since you boys left Boston?"

The startled boys looked at each other and back at the policeman. "We came down on the—the bus, this morning," stammered the smaller one, "and we don't need to send a telegram, because—"

"Because we're looking for work," said the larger one firmly. "And we'd like to be messenger boys until we can find the work we're looking for."

By now the three of them were sauntering down the street as though they might be looking for a telegraph office. "The work you're looking for?" repeated the policeman.

"Yes sir," said the smaller one almost in a whisper. "Lindbergh! We want to fly. Like Lindbergh."

The policeman stopped stock still and stared. "Lindbergh!" he exclaimed loudly. "Lindbergh! Why say. You fellows are a long way off. You don't know what you're talking about."

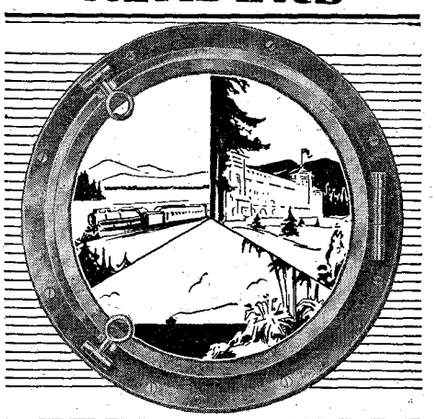
But the larger boy was looking up at him with an imploring, eager face. "Sure we do," he protested. "The town we come from's a dead one. Everybody in it's just like everybody else. Well sir, we're getting out. We're going to earn some money as messengers, and as soon as we get ahead we're going to fly—" he stopped and wiped his forehead on his sleeve, for the policeman just kept on shaking his head.

"It's no go, fellows," said the policeman gloomily. "You'd find that out all right. Besides, I've got to send you home."

The three of them started unhappily down the street once more, this time quite honestly towards the police station.

"And say," said the policeman kindly to his downcast audience, "I'll bet you can't guess how I spotted you two kids. Well, sir, I never make a mistake on a Boston accent. You see—" he went on in modest embarrassment, "you see I used to be infielder. For the Boston Braves."

TRAVEL SUGGESTIONS AND INFORMATION FOR OUTLOOK READERS



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In This Issue

VIRGILIA PETERSON ROSS, who is a frequent contributor to the magazines, has recently contributed to the Outlook portraits of Heywood Broun and Leopold Stokowski.

PERCY WINNER is news and foreign editor of the New York *Evening Post* and has just returned from a tour of France and Italy, serving as correspondent in both countries. Mr. Winner has also lectured and debated on European politics.

SALLY SAUNDERS is a resident of Kansas City and a frequent contributor to the magazines. Miss Saunders is at present living in Santa Fé.

RAYMOND F. HOWES is a graduate of Cornell University and the University of Pittsburgh and is now assistant professor of English and director of forensics at Washington University.

WILLIAM WALDRON SWAN has been a member of nine teams representing the United States in international yacht racing, and has been a repeated winner of the Long Island Sound Championship. Mr. Swan has been taking part in the preliminary races to determine the selection of the cup defender.

Next Week

Dollars for Votes, by Oliver McKee, Jr.

Thanks to the direct primary, a comparatively new piece of our political machinery, politics is rapidly becoming a rich man's game. Ruth Hanna McCormick spent over $250,000 to obtain the Republican nomination for senatorship in Illinois and Joseph R. Grundy put up $291,000 in his unsuccessful attempt to land the senatorial nomination in Pennsylvania. Unfortunately, the author feels, things are going to be worse before they are better. The same Senate which debarred Truman A. Newberry for spending $195,000 may yet congratulate him for paying out so little and ask him how he was able to do it. The remedy, Mr. McKee declares, lies in making the government and the people bear a share of election expenses.

Why Golf Widows? by Glenna Collett.

"America," the women's national champion maintains, "is strewn with golf widows." While men slice drives and foozle putts, the ladies languish. Miss Collett thinks she has discovered why. Unlike swimming, riding and other sports, women cannot compete on even terms with men at golf. The ladies haven't the strength and they haven't the build. If they do have the build, it's apt to get in the way. Golf, furthermore, is not a preserver of feminine beauty. Women are wise, Miss Collett feels, to stick to the things they can do well. Wherever it may be, woman's place is not on the golf course.

New England's Dignified Faun, by Lucius Beebe.

Although the poetry of Edwin Arlington Robinson is known to thousands, the reticence which characterizes him has served to make his personality unfamiliar to many who admire his work. Robinson, the author explains, is shy and aloof. He shuns testimonial dinners and lecture platforms and he has never made a speech or given a public reading. Even professional interviewers know him as one of the most fugitive of public figures. The author, who first met Robinson under circumstances which turned out to be anything but literary describes the personality and career of the poet.

Drinking as an Art, by W. Lock Wei.

In marked contrast to the flask carrying habits of our so-called flaming youth are the customs governing the initiation of the younger generation into the subtle art of drinking in China, the author declares. Thousands of years of experience have taught the Chinese that good wine is an immense aid to social intercourse. The author's initiation, Mr. Wei relates, was personally superintended by his father, whose wise admonitions have saved him many a headache. Mr. Wei explains some of the customs which attend the art of drinking in China and gives some pointers which visitors will do well to follow.

"Pop" Hart

By ARTHUR STRAWN

WHEN George Overbury Hart returned to America in 1905 after three years in the South Sea Islands his chief possessions were a bundle of sketches and a magnificent black beard. Although only thirty-six years old then, the beard gave him a venerable appearance that promptly inspired fellow-artists and friends to dub him "Pop." The beard has since disappeared, but the nickname remained, and that is why thousands of art lovers today, for whom the name George Overbury Hart has no significance, promptly respond to the more familiar "Pop" Hart. Even the dignified catalogues of the numerous important museums that exhibit his work have been compelled to take notice of the once flourishing beard by referring to the artist as George O. "Pop" Hart.

An exceptional water-colorist, etcher and lithographer whose pictures hang in the British Museum, the National Museum of Mexico and the Metropolitan, to mention but several, and who has twice been president of the Brooklyn Society of Etchers, "Pop" Hart, in appearance and in habits no more resembles the artist of fiction than Coolidge resembles Napoleon. Dressed in a rough and rumpled suit, peering a little uncertainly through shell-rimmed glasses as he drives his newly acquired Ford over the New Jersey roads, you would take him to be a farmer who has spent his life in a futile struggle with the soil. The truth of the matter is that he has probably done more traveling about the globe than any other half dozen artists together. His home is a little stucco and frame cottage at Coytesville, on the New Jersey Palisades, which he built himself twenty-two years ago after clearing away the woods. He lives alone there, keeping house for himself and amusing himself when his day's work is finished by turning on his gramaphone and lighting his pipe.

But the Coytesville cottage is really only his summer home, for his winters he spends in distant places where the sun shines brightest. Unlike Rockwell Kent, who adventures into realms of snow and ice, "Pop" Hart is a devotee of sunny climes. He has traveled and sketched in Egypt, the South Seas, Mexico, the West Indies and South America. Once he went to paint in Iceland, but he describes that as a mistake. He recently returned from a winter in Morocco and is now planning a visit to India and Japan. There is something about the rich and fecund lushness of life in the tropics that attracts this bachelor of the arts. His pictures all deal with scenes and characters taken from the daily life of the masses, treated with a certain humorous warmth that gives them an interest independent of their qualities as works of art.

As a boy in his native Cairo, Illinois, he was put to work in his father's glue factory. His preference for making

Keystone

"POP" HART
Pictured with "The Jury," one of his lithographs

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drawings led to a breach, and the young man's departure from home. He has been wandering ever since. He studied for three months at the Chicago Art Institute and again for three months at Julien's Academy in Paris and that's the extent of his formal training. It usually requires money to travel, but "Pop" found a simple solution to that problem. He worked in the summers painting scenes in a moving picture studio near New York, saved his money and in the fall set out for the tropics, usually saving passenger fare by working his way on the steamers. When stranded without funds he could always rely on his skill as a sign painter.

Not until 1924, at the age of 56, did he make his first museum sale to the Metropolitan, and since then he has been able to buy his steamship tickets. In all the countries he has visited he always lived intimately with the natives and somehow managed to get along amicably, although he speaks no language but English. Only once did he have an adventure that he describes as fraught with danger, an adventure which he firmly believes threatened to terminate his budding career as an artist.

"That was in Samoa," says Hart, "when I got in with a chief's daughter. Fellow gets lonesome sometimes, you know, wandering so far from home. Her father thought I was all right and took me around and showed me a cocoanut grove of 2,000 trees. He said they'd be mine when I married the girl. He also showed me where my house was to be built. Then they had a feast to celebrate the betrothal. I never saw such a bunch of relations in my life. They were eating up the place. Most of them got boiled to the eyes. I got a little boiled myself and went out in the moonlight to look at the cocoanut grove. I could see myself climbing those trees for the rest of my life keeping that bunch of relations in grub and drinks. That wouldn't leave me much time for making pictures. The idea made me kind of sad and I walked down the shore of Pago Pago bay thinking about it. As I walked along I saw a schooner in the harbor. Right then I made up my mind to beat it. I swam out to the boat and took passage to Honolulu. That saved me a lot of matrimonial trouble. I just wanted to make pictures anyway."

Santa Fé's New Conquistadores

(Continued from Page 609)

what discourage the workers for world peace. Nothing more violent results from this feeling, however, than talk and more talk, and good pictures are painted in both places and many, many very poor ones. Santa Fé is larger, but the percentage of artists and writers is about the same in both towns. Both places have reputations to live up to as art centers. Taos is still essentially one; Santa Fé is losing its characteristics yearly.

In the last five years, a subtle but inevitable change has been wrought upon the town. Again it is being discovered by a newer lot of Conquistadores. No longer is life there a simple idyl conducted by the poets, poetasters, artists and camp followers of the arts. Santa Fé remains a lovely spot, but it is no longer a simple one. Wealth and high society have arrived and laid successful siege to the place. Æsthetics and old world charm in pleasant combination, plus a very delightful climate, have drawn from the East and West rich folk, tired of Country Clubs, conventional good times, and good liquor. With touching eagerness they have fallen upon the little adobe houses of Santa Fé, made them over into great sprawling estates, using brick or tile instead of adobe; scouring the countryside for old carved doors, old carved chests, old bits of this and that until one has to ride far and wide, indeed, to discover a hill town in which the houses have not lost their identity to some Chicago millionaire. The Camino itself has been invaded, delicately and with hushed breath, but invaded.

The leading hotel of the city underwent a complete metamorphosis, becoming an elaborate, tastefully decorated replica of great hotels elsewhere, with a fountain playing in a courtyard and an orchestra playing Spanish music well or American music terribly during meals. In a room decorated with lovely murals by Olive Rush, the newer Conquistadores can dine and dance in their customary elegance. In and about the hotel one meets charming young women, wearing Navajo jewelry and colorful versions of the Navajo velvet shirts, who are employed by a transportation company connected with the hotel to display the Southwest tastefully to the curious. An air of urbane correctness reigns in the hotel, signifying that Santa Fé has arrived socially.

The earlier efforts of the artists to preserve the simplicity of the place are being rewarded by the ecstatic groans and sighs of the newer element as they explore the town. Oh! the ladies cry from their long, expensive automobiles. Oh, stop and look at that darling old fence, that precious old house; Look! Look at the chile hanging from the Vegas. Oh, look at that sweet little acequia (irrigation ditch), and so on.

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The end is plainly in sight. Santa Fé's days as an art center are very likely numbered. It has lost its essential qualification, the cheapness and simplicity that foster the arts. It is now expensive; even the liquor problem has become fraught with complications. It is also becoming society-minded. Artists' wives are playing contract bridge and the artists play golf with the tycoons.

The very aspect of the town itself is responding to the pressure of the newer element. Modern plumbing, unobtrusively, to be sure, is being installed in the defiance of the old order. There is a look now about the town of having its face lifted. Wrinkles are coming out of old adobe houses, tin cans are being removed from the river banks. Tastefully, sympathetically, Santa Fé is being made over into a haven, not for the Arts but for the Arty Rich. There is now one Maecenas for every artist. One wonders where the next stopping place will be for the boys who like to work and live and love—AWAY FROM it all.

Sleeve Laughing in Italy

(Continued from Page 622)

autolesionismo, against wounding themselves.

Perhaps a good Fascist friend of mine was right in saying that the only person on earth who could lead a successful revolution against Benito Mussolini would be our own Charles Spencer Chaplin.

"Let them start from the column in the Piazza Colonna, the Duce on a white horse and Charlie on roller skates, and you will see which one will get the followers after all these years of Fascist discipline."

I offer to buy the skates.

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Master Thinker

(Continued from Page 606)

Martyrdom of Man, and Montesquieu's *Spirit of Laws.* In other words, he likes his culture synthetic. He thinks that "Quentin Durward" is the really useful type of novel, giving up, as it does, a rich, predigested account of a historical period. The psychological vagaries of present fiction hold no lure for him. The vagaries of the stars, as deduced by men of science, are more fruity, and more worthwhile.

YET certain human considerations move him too. On the affairs of the stock market he indubitably earns the title of oracle. Most brokers read his column daily. It is said that he "discusses stock promotion like one to the ticker born." It might be closer to the truth to say that he has a prophetic eye for the broad tendencies of the market and a trustworthy instinct for following them. When he says to sell short, the canny obey. With the example of his fortune for witness, they do well.

He plays constant champion to women. At the time of the Woman Suffrage campaign, he upheld the desirability of what he called "the ignorant vote." In saying "ignorant," however, he could not have intended to cast a slur upon the sex, because he openly prizes its progenitive talents above its intellectual strivings.

One BABY means more to a good woman than ten careers. Sometimes she does not know it until she gets the baby.

Again, elsewhere, he writes:

The "brain and money" woman is not as desirable as the "charm and baby" woman.

He exhorts the nation's mothers to grow bigger hips and bosoms that they may bear bigger and better babies. Birth Control is to him anathema. Heywood Broun once remarked that, although Brisbane preaches against the uses and abuses of Birth Control, he continues to put up buildings holding three room apartments. Whether or not these new citizens are housed and fed matters less to him than whether or not they receive the boon of existence.

The greatest loss to the nation is the loss of millions of superior children that would be born if intellectual young females could be persuaded to take men as they are, and not expect too much.

Thus speaks Brisbane who, perhaps on account of his own gifts for enlarging newspaper circulation, feels a special respect for every woman's potential ability to increase the race.

After his continental education, his real knowledge of at least three languages beside his own, and his experience of the social world, he still clarions to the masses a rigid code of behavior. Drinking and gambling are vices. The strongest reason against them is that they mar the success of the individual. Make every child "feel that a drinking man is a second-class man, and you will have done much to destroy the drunkenness of the future." Whiskey, seeping through the body, will sooner or later stretch you out cold upon the rack of this tough world. The way to prosperity is along the path of abstinence, although wine, in moderation, will not buck your progress and may even prick you on. But, as Brisbane wrote years ago, *"there is no such thing as moderate drinking at a bar."* He approves the banishment of bars and saloons. On today's modes of drinking and qualities of drink, he warns:

As soon as you swallow the pre-war, or right-off-the-ship liquor, wink your eyes a few times. If they seem blurred, hurry to the doctor and have your stomach pumped out. You may be in time.

A simpler plan would be to take your little stomach-pump to the party. First-class stores might sell stomach-pumps with silver cocktail shakers, on sale ten times as numerously under prohibition as they ever were before.

One of his pet bugaboos is gambling. "The man who gambles is either a thief or a fool." People still tell how, more than twenty years back, when T. A. Dargan, the cartoonist, worked on the paper, Brisbane found him shooting craps with the office boys and burst into a tirade on gambling. It started a fist fight between the two. Rumor has it that Brisbane came out the worse. But, however strongly he feels about gambling, theoretically, he admits that it is an instinct common to man. In an early editorial he wrote that "perhaps the spirit of gambling is really only an atrophied, perverted form of the spirit of adventure." This speculation may take root in the fact that Brisbane himself is a born gambler. He used to bet on the horses at Belmont Park, where he raised a rumpus over the dishonesty of the bookies. He has been known to sit down at poker tables where the stakes ran high. But his greatest game of chance, the game which he calls a hobby and from the gains of which he has acquired a princely security, lies in the field of real estate.

Between them, Hearst and Brisbane own a fabulous amount of property. Brisbane's share, in New York City alone, has been estimated at five million dollars. The richest district in New York, along Fifty-Seventh Street from river to river, is familiarly known in newspaper circles, as "Brisbane Boulevard." On a plot at 103rd Street and Fifth Avenue, which he bought in 1916, he has built an apartment house where he retains three floors. Probably his biggest deal in the city was the Ritz Tower purchase. But the lease turned out a poor one and a year or two ago he sold the outfit to Hearst for a sum which must have more than satisfied him. Together, he and Hearst have put up two twenty-story buildings for Ziegfeld theatres at Fifty-Fourth Street and Sixth Avenue. Although Hearst has great holdings in Mexico, Brisbane apparently owns no share of them. He has however, some property at Hodge, in California, which he irrigates to grow alfalfa. He owns land in Long Island City, Hempstead, Lakewood, Newark, and in Jersey City where he was able to foresee the coming of the subway which would redouble the value of his acres. Six miles from Lakewood lies Allaire, the model farm which, when he bought it, was little more than a deserted village.

For the most part he buys only property needing improvement. He makes almost wholly one type of deal, renting on ninety-nine year leases with a long term regular income. As a landlord, he leaves nothing to wish for. He is dependable, generous, and casual to a degree. A man once walked into his office, utterly unheralded, and only because he came about real estate would Brisbane, who walls himself away from intrusion, let him in.

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of Events in the Outlook of August 16, 1950

A bill authorizing an emergency expenditure by the Government of $3,500,000 to peg prices on the New York Stock Exchange was passed Monday, over the opposition of Western congressmen. It is hoped that distress among brokers will be alleviated.

"The profound silence of your industrial centers," remarked Dr. Couledouce of Bordeaux, in a radinterview, "is depressing. I prefer your suburbs, where the sounds of wild birds, insects and squirrels furnish the stimulation that the human ear requires."

Edison Interests, Inc., today awarded their 1950 scholarship to Adolphus L. Breitgei of St. Louis, who received a rating of 98 per cent in the competitive examination. His best answer was in reply to the question, "By what means would you secure nationwide annual publicity for an industrial concern at a minimum expense?"

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"I have a piece of land which is very worthwhile to buy," said the young man.

"Where is it?" Brisbane asked.

The young man told him.

"How much?"

"$250,000."

"Very well," said Brisbane. "I'll take it. Here's $25,000 down. You can have $50,000, if you'd rather."

Another time, when an agent had to buy out his tenants on a building, he telephoned Brisbane.

"I'll send over $25,000 right away. I'm sure you'll handle it as if it were your own money."

He comes to decisions rapidly. Unless they prove mistaken, as they sometimes do, he sticks to them. If he finds himself cornered, however, he carries his load to Hearst who willingly relieves him of it. Quite often, Hearst is said to throw in a sop to Brisbane's pride of some extra thousands over the sum agreed upon.

BRISBANE knows that snow balls, given a kick, will swell to ever greater proportions on their way down hill. He also knows how to start them. With this knowledge, he has collected his millions. He is constantly scenting some new quarry. Hearst says: "Arthur comes to me all the time with some wonderful plan to make money, but when I examine it I find the profits are to be divided ninety per cent for Arthur and ten per cent for me." Hearst may exaggerate. In any case, he does not appear to object, for, after some thirty years, the alliance continues to prosper, nor has there been, as far as any one can say, a rift between these two paragons of success.

When Brisbane was forty-eight, he married Phoebe Cary, of Buffalo. He has four daughters and two sons. The youngest child was born only five years ago. He has made careful investments to provide for each member of the family an ample living, and of this security, toward which he has bent his exceptional energies, he speaks proudly. He dominates his family as he does his office. He gives them devoted attention and they look to him for decisions. His wife has even been heard to ask him, at a friend's house, what she should drink and when he suggested champagne, against her preference, she obediently drank it.

He has homes at Hempstead, at Lakewood, in New York, and in California. But he does not linger in any of them for long. He travels continually from city to city, chasing now the details of Hearst's sixteen papers, now the details of his own multifold deals. Where in the past he rode horseback and boxed, at present he confines himself to driving wedges into a piece of wood with a sledge-hammer, for the sake of his figure. Although he does not look remarkably young for his age, he has succeeded in keeping the pace of events and the pace of his own mental avidity at such high speed, without dropping behind, that the years have not noticeably depleted him. He still appears to live at the peak of his vitality.

THE present influence of the Hearst papers upon the country at large stands as a moot question. Some believe that it is limitless; others, that it has been deeply shaken in recent years. Still others maintain that their policy, while of little importance in the negative, pushes a great weight on the up-grade. It is therefore not easy to estimate the actual power of Hearst's most precious employee over the huge audience he reaches. Some power, he undoubtedly has. Undoubtedly too, he has built up with his own swift-grasping mind an access to the greatest number of listeners ever at the call of a man in his field. Another, in his place, might move mountains, might revolutionize the land, might sow the seeds for a harvest of surpassing beauty. Brisbane has preferred to stay in the lee of Hearst's supremacy. He has been willing to pass the buck to Hearst in big issues. He has been content, voicing the facts and generalizations which come so glibly to his lips; content, handing out the fruits of his experience in neat portions, labelled: Prosperity, Success, and Happiness. Brisbane was a superior youth, brilliantly educated, brilliantly alive. The world might well have been his. Now, after so many years, despite the pyrotechnics of his mind, the world does not lie to his hand. He owes his share of it to his master.

An Even Break for Sir Thomas

(Continued from Page 625)

In no way discouraged, Mr. Ashbury tried again in 1871 with a new schooner called *Livonia,* also designed and built by Ratsey. This time Mr. Ashbury saw to it that the match should be the best four out of seven races and that the challenger should be opposed by not more than one defender. The New York Yacht Club however reserved the right to select four yachts, any one of the four to be named on the morning of each race. Again unfair to the challenger. Five races were sailed, the first and second won by *Columbia,* the third by *Livonia,* the fourth and fifth by *Sappho.*

International racing conditions at this time were, to say the least, anomalous: Only a yacht club might challenge and only a yacht club might defend, but the challenger was always owned by an individual, who bore the expense, his club merely endorsing him. In defense, however, the club was party of the first part, taking entire charge of the match. Owing to these conditions the New York Yacht Club figures as defender of the cup while James Ashbury, Sir Richard Sutton, Lieut. Wm. Henn and Sir Thomas Lipton and others figured as the challengers.

None of the first four matches were genuine sporting ventures. The vessels on each side, being of chance design, were unequally matched. Then came a period of development in design and type. The shoal draft centerboard craft began to give way to keel craft, heavily ballasted and differing in rig as well as hull. The matches became more interesting—and closer; and since 1881 the interest of the public has grown until nowadays there is no liver topic in yachting circles. And today even the

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street car conductor comments on the races—as one did to the writer not long ago (This comment, incidentally, displays the average viewpoint of non-yachtsmen, for it has been repeated many times in similar language):

"I hope Sir Thomas cops the cup this year. He has been a good sport and deserves to win."

This year's contest, starting September 13,—best four out of seven races,—finds the New York Yacht Club giving Sir Thomas Lipton the best break that any challenger has yet enjoyed in the long quest for the trophy. It was agreed to build boats of the same weight and size as the challenger; and the courses have been moved to practically open water where the defending yachtsmen have virtually no advantage in local knowledge of wind shifts and of tidal currents.

Sailing over the new courses which start nine miles southeast (magnetic) from Brenton's Reef Lightship at the entrance to Narragansett Bay, there will still be shifting winds, but they will be normal shifts. There will still be tides, but tides that flow in one direction, except those near Block Island and the entrance to Vineyard Sound.

The only unfamiliar thing Sir Thomas' skipper will have to watch is the so-called "piling up" of current. Usually the tides run northwest for flood at an average speed of one knot and southeast for ebb averaging 1¼ knots.

All in all, the course is a fair one and will not handicap the *Shamrock V* unless she encounters weather in which she is not at her best. Reports received in this country regarding the performances of the challenger say she is a light weather boat. A strong breeze of say 24 miles per hour may therefore put her at a disadvantage.

In the writer's opinion, there are three points advantageous to the *Shamrock V* in this year's race.

First: this boat is no heavier than the defender will be. It was built to Lloyds' scantling rule and so is whatever boat is picked as defender. In the past, the challenger had to proceed to the scene of the race under sail and on her own bottom. The defender, not having to cross the Atlantic, could thus build lighter boats than the challenger could. Not so this year.

Second: the designer of the *Shamrock V*, Charles E. Nicholson, is the leading English designer. He will be on board as the owner's representative. The American designers are all men in the field of large boat design—80 feet water line or over.

Third: The skipper and crew of *Shamrock V* are all experienced racing men on large boats. Capt. Heard was a mate on one of the earlier *Shamrocks* and knows his job. He has sailed the *Shamrock* to 15 victories and four second places in nineteen starts against larger boats carrying more sail.

The American skippers are all amateurs, that is, *Corinthians,* and only George Nichols and Charles Francis Adams, Secretary of the Navy, have had big boat experience in international racing. The professionals in charge of each American boat are good men, but have not raced large boats. The American crewmen are largely Norwegians and Swedes. The old "Deer Island" men from Maine are gone.

Although we have for the first time given the challenger an even break as to course and design of boat, we still have the advantage that comes from the fact that yacht racing enthusiasts are putting four contenders into the competition.

America probably cost $25,000 and probably won enough in side bets and realized enough when sold to pay a dividend to her original owners. Each of the 1930 yachts built to defend the cup will show an expenditure of between $800,000 and $1,250,000. The larger figure is the estimated expense of maintenance and building cost for the successful candidate with extra sails and grooming. The metal masts now carried by two of the candidates each cost more than the entire schooner *America.*

The builders of these boats are said to have lost money owing to high labor charges and overtime paid to hurry them along. The hulls alone cost about $300,000. The sails (one of the candidates has eight complete suits) cost about $20,000 per suit. Masts and rigging upwards of $150,000. Pay roll of crew about $7,500 per month. Towing charges, living quarters for tenders, hauling out and minor repairs make up the rest of the estimate.

We have four designers and four boats from which to pick—the *Enterprise,* designed for light weather, the *Whirlwind* designed for strong breezes, the *Yankee* and *Weetamoe,* normal, all around boats.

The writer picked the *Weetamoe* on sight some months ago. Not because of her particularly speedy looking and well built hull but because her skipper and afterguard (four other Corinthians) were better balanced and had had more experience than any of the others except the crew of the *Yankee,* the Boston entry, with Charles Francis Adams, a veteran helmsman of undoubted ability, at the helm.

To date *Weetamoe* has won more races than any other candidate and has made only one tactical mistake—a matter that the committee watches closely. The *Enterprise* has shown ability but seems to be an in-and-outer as to performance. The *Yankee* is a good boat and will do better during the final trials, in my opinion, than theretofore. The *Whirlwind* has shown amazing speed in spells and if her afterguard can find out where she balances best and where to trim her, she may still be a factor, but, in my opinion, unless her afterguard is strengthened she has little chance to receive serious consideration. Whichever boat is chosen, this year's race will be close and Sir Thomas Lipton will have the best chance he has ever had to lift the bottomless mug.

Without being unduly optimistic, Sir Thomas said recently: "I think we have a reasonably fair chance of success. *Shamrock V* has proved herself a very fast boat with a good chance against any of the four built in America. The Americans are giving me a square deal and if I am beaten again it will be by a better boat."

Just Stations

(Continued from Page 624)

What—actually—were your feelings as your train rushed you over the road of the German invasion of Belgium and France in those days when civilization seemed to totter and all our beliefs and convictions seemed to die as if swallowed up by the Last Judgment? Come now—be honest! Of course, you did have some thoughts about the War as you sped along, at Liége, and between Liége and Paris. Yet—after all—the most important thing about Liége was that glass of beer you drank just before the conductor yelled "En voiture!" And how angry you were with the French customs man at Jeumont for rummaging so busily in your suit-case! Why was it you kept taking out your watch as the train dashed southward through Northern France, toward Paris?

Do you even remember passing Maubeuge?—bet you can't remember what happened at Maubeuge, in 1914? Of course you can't. And—come now—be honest. What, to you, were Landrecies and Le Cateau, Saint-Quentin and Chauny? Just stations, eh? Of course they were! Do what we will, we human beings cannot fight the fact that we revert, instinctively, to what is peaceful and normal and humdrum.

Saint-Quentin? Oh, yes — train stopped there ten minutes. Pretty girl on the platform.

Noyon? Big water tank—

Just stations!

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With Our Readers

We Are a Menace

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Iron Mountain, Michigan*

SIR—If periodicals like the Outlook . . . . would seriously take inventory of their utterances they would surely see how largely responsible they are for the widespread crime in this country. Can you not for the sake of our country, your country, pursue a different policy? Your influence should be in the direction of law enforcement instead of against it.

F. C. COLE.

Buying Power in Dixie

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Stateburg, S. C.*

DEAR SIR—I have just finished reading Mr. Raymond's article, "Flight from High Wages" in your July 30 issue. Speaking as a Northerner who has lived in the South for many years I believe that Mr. Raymond has not grasped the full significance of his subject.

Wages should be lower in the South because the cost of living is materially cheaper. The South has not experienced the same degree of inflation as the North where a wild orgy of spending has been stimulated by those with anything to sell. The more people have spent, the larger incomes they have sought. Constant boosting of wages and salaries has pyramided costs until the structure has become topheavy. The truth is sometimes unpleasant to face but the fact is that the wages paid to labor outside the South are just as inflated as the prices of some commodities of which they are the principal cost. Prices of commodities and securities cannot be deflated without a corresponding deflation in the wages of labor. After all the important thing is not what a man earns, but what he has left after paying his living expenses. Perhaps actually the South has a simpler, more American standard of living that the inflated North.

That the South will have a greatly increased buying power as a result of its industrial development has apparently been overlooked by Mr. Raymond. Taking his own figures that there are 12,000,000 renters and croppers in the South and that these average 32 cents a day earnings or say $2.00 per week, let us assume that 25 per cent of these or 3,000,000 persons will be drawn into industry. If these earn an average of $12.00 a week or say $10.00 per week more than they did formerly, their increased earnings will be $500.00 per year. This alone would give the South an increased buying power of $1,500,000,000!

Higher and higher wages is a vicious circle leading only to deflation. We are still on the road "back to normalcy."

STANLEY F. MORSE.

Southern Labor

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Princeton*

SIR—I read with a great deal of interest the article, "Flight from High Wages," by Allen Raymond in a recent issue of the Outlook.

Living in Charleston, S. C., at the Villa, the writer, being interested in social service work among the white and colored people, skilled labor and labor of the servant-class, had ample opportunity to watch the conditions of these classes, their mode of living and their income as compared to wages in the Northern states.

It seems to me unjust that the Southern people should be accused of paying low wages when they are not to be compared to the high wages of the Northern states. In all tropical climates such as in the South and elsewhere the climate interferes greatly with the ambition of any workman to do his best and to come up to the work accomplished by laborers of Northern climate. No laborers, white or black, in the South can give any employer what we call a full day of work in the North. They are all languid and exhausted before a half day's work is finished. Many are found in mid-day collapsed and asleep in front of buildings, factory yards and such.

The Southern laborer of both classes, white and black, gives the manufacturer of woolen mills, building enterprises and such only a half day's result, no matter how conscientious the individual may be or feel towards his employer.

As to domestic servants who are employed, wages in the South are so low in comparison to Northern wages for gardeners, house-men, cooks and maids that mostly colored servants are employed throughout the South.

In some old mansions renovated slave quarters are still used and descendants of slaves still live on the premises. In moderate homes maintained by Southerners where one or two maids only are employed to do the house work, they do not live on the premises, but leave after the dinner service and cleaning-up time. Invariably there is not a servant to be seen after four o'clock P. M. because the free hours and remnants of dinner are part of their wages.

Comparing again this class of workers with the Northern domestic servants, the writer found year after year that the Southern servant works half-time and therefore receives half-pay. In close observation the writer finds that where one laborer would accomplish a day's work in the North, it would take two laborers to do the same job per day in the South.

If you can find space in your issue for defense of the Southerner who deals justly on the subject of wages, you would oblige greatly one who knows the South, the Southern people in their brave efforts to keep up with perplexing conditions so changed since the war between the states.

B. W.

A Veteran on Disability

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Knoxville, Tenn.*

SIR—It is not my intention to rush to the defense of the Outlook, for your editorials need no defense. Not that I always agree with them, yet their viewpoints are well chosen.

In your issue of July 30th I read with interest the criticism by Alden F. Brodt of your views of the recent veterans legislation as regards compensation. As one versed in tubercular and mental disturbances, I say that it is absurd to claim that such disabilities developed after Jan. 1st, 1925, are due to a man's serving in the army during the World War, and any specialist, in either pulmonary or nervous conditions will agree with me (as you know either of these disabilities found prior to Jan 1st, 1925 have already been taken care of). As to Mr. Brodt's assertion that ex-service men are dying in poverty and want, it is their choice, for Uncle Sam has for years hospitalized and treated men for non-service connected disabilities. Time and again men refuse hospital treatment, leading one to believe they are merely out for the dollar.

The fairer legislation would have been to give battle casualties higher ratings than medical disabilities that developed years after discharge and noted as "presumptive evidence they were due to service." Likewise, regarding tubercular conditions, instead of forcing a man to prove he had an active pulmonary lesion for which he had been treated, to pension those having tuberculosis, even if apparently arrested, providing same was found in a reasonable time after discharge, say two years, and the man had been in the army at least ninety days. There are tuberculars drawing money from the government, who were in the army less than thirty days, and whose disability did not begin until four or more years after discharge. Of course these cases are not due to service. The number of such cases has been hundreds, now it will be thousands.

A VETERAN OF THE WORLD WAR.

Critic Criticized

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Lima, Ohio*

Sir—As a motion-picture publicity man, I am constrained to enter a protest. While some of the readers of the Outlook may be so soured on life and the beauties of idealism that they will agree with your eminent Mr. Peet's cynical criticisms, I cannot believe that all of your readers are of this type. The first rule of being a successful motion-picture publicity man is the study of the reaction of not only the individual and the class but also that of the reaction of the masses toward the movies which we must sell to the great general public.

Picking four illustrations from this page of criticisms, I wish to differ radically from them as they are presented. "Manslaughter"—admirably acted, with a general appeal and a lesson in clean law enforcement, so presented that it is entertainment for better than 85% of not only your readers but the public at large—is damned by faint praise and a patter of half-formed opinions. "The Sap from Syracuse," another picture produced by the same company, indifferently directed, with faulty continuity and a very simple story enlivened in places by moronic wisecracks, is given a classification of a "better than average movie." Even our much maligned masses rebel at the futility of this film. "All Quiet on the Western Front" receives, at the hands of your "critic," well deserved praise; while on the other hand, "Journey's End," with an enviable international record as a stage show, faithfully reproduced as a talkie preserving its original realism, is given a bare mention.

To bring your movie page up to the standard of the balance of the articles in the Outlook, your critic should base his criticisms not so much (as it seems he does) upon personal reaction but a combination of basic worth of the picture, ability of the director and stars, and the reaction of the public—not only the movie fan but of the class audiences.

I hope this letter will be taken in the spirit in which it is written—that of constructive criticism.

CARL M. OSBORN.

Grist

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Ann Arbor, Mich.*

SIR—Knowledge in a university town sometimes comes, as in other towns, through unforeseen channels. Why review plays like "The Big House" and literature of like ilk? Seeing a production of Martin Flavin's "The Criminal Code" has solved for me the question of why the Outlook published "The Autobiography of an Ex-Thief." Our jails are being filled up with violators of the Volstead Act—a few scenes from prison procedure that stir the emotions: ergo prohibition does not and should not prohibit. Any subject is good grist for the Outlook's mill if even to a small degree opinion can be ground out for the wets.

J. M. ROWELL.

Reproof

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Roanoke, Ind.*

SIR—Among those classed as old subscribers, may I suggest in the matter of "Keeping the Record Straight," that there is some difference between your editorial attitude on prohibition and that of Dr. Lyman Abbott.

Dr. Abbott did not, in every issue from "Looking Forward" to "With Our Readers" obtrude his views on his subscribers.

Yes, there is a difference.

H. A. DINIUS.

Sacco-Vanzetti Again

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Boston*

SIR—On Friday, August 22nd, at 8.30 P. M., there will be a Sacco-Vanzetti memorial meeting at the Old South Meeting House, Boston. The date is the third anniversary of the execution of the good shoemaker and the poor fish peddler. The speakers will be:

Rabbi Stephen S. Wise of New York City.

Edna St. Vincent Millay, who will include in the reading of her poems on the case a new and unpublished sonnet inspired by Vanzetti's letters.

Leonard Abbott of the Encyclopedia of Social Sciences staff.

Alice Stone Blackwell of Boston, to whom Vanzetti wrote many of his most thoughtful letters while in prison.

Paul U. Kellogg, Editor of the Survey, chairman.

Gardner Jackson of the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee.

Lewis Mumford and others who see in the tragedy of Sacco and Vanzetti a symbol of high potential value in our thinking and actions in the search for justice have expressed the hope that they also will be able to be present to participate. Gutzon Borglum has promised his completed bronze bas-relief of the two men in time for the meeting. It is Mr. Borglum's only piece of sculpture in Massachusetts.

No doubt can exist that the state of mind underlying the killing of the two "anarchistic bastards" persists strongly in America. The shocking Mooney-Billings imprisonment is evidence enough

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of that without the many other examples of less noted kind.

The meeting has an added significance this year because, finding expression within the walls of a building made historically sacred during the American Revolution, it comes in the midst of the Tercentenary Celebration of the Founding of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. There are certain parallels traceable from the time of Increase Mather's investigation of the witchcraft executions in 1692 while president of Harvard College to the time of President Lowell's report in the Sacco-Vanzetti case. We invite all persons interested in the course of American justice to attend.

The Memorial Committee arranging the meeting consists of Dr. Alice Hamilton, Prof. Samuel Eliot Morison, Mrs. Gertrude L. Winslow, Catharine S. Huntington, Creighton J. Hill, Reuben J. Lurie, Aldino Felicani and myself.

GARDNER JACKSON.

Pilgrim Fathers Defended

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent:

SIR—I am writing this to express my objections to the article entitled, "Lazy Americans." My contention, however, is not to prove the contrary, but to show that the author of the article seems to have tackled the subject from the wrong direction. In other words, the proofs given in support, do not prove that Americans are really lazy . . .

It is in the nature of all living things, animals as well as human beings, to accomplish their purpose with the least possible labor and expense. If, however, they find any obstacle on their way, they are bound to deviate a little from the desired direction. Their main purpose in life is to secure maximum results with minimum efforts or labor. This is not a fault or laziness. It is the law of life, the law of existence. No farmer, no contractor, no merchant, no professional man, in fact nobody will work with the intention of minimum production with maximum labor.

The Pilgrim Fathers left England and sailed to American shores to have freedom of thought and freedom of worship. Yes. Probably they ran away from opposition, as contended in the article, but that doesn't prove that they were lazy. Their aim, their goal, their earnest desire was freedom. When they encountered obstacles on the way of attaining their ideals, they turned around and followed a different direction just as a stream of water finding an unconquerable obstacle on its course will turn a little one way or another.

Again, if the settlers on the Eastern shores left their homes and moved toward the Middle West with the expectation of making their toils a little easier and in the meantime accumulating more riches, are we justified in branding them as lazy Americans? Again if they rushed to the Western shores with the prospect of digging gold and thus fattening their bank rolls, shall we call them a lazy bunch of people?

The desire for freedom of speech, freedom of worship, freedom of competition and the desire for the attainment of wealth and the pursuit of happiness with a minimum effort is perfectly human, perfectly natural and perfectly in accordance with the natural laws that surround us.

I am not a native born American, but a naturalized one. To think that because I left my home and came to this country, I am lazy is beyond my comprehension. When I left my home, I left a reasonably comfortable life; left behind a prosperous future, and finally left the tender love and care of parents and took my place in a strange country among strangers to earn my living with the sweat of my brow. And this is called laziness! It is true enough I ran away, but what from? From struggle to comfort? I should say not. I ran away from Turkish tyranny and ignorance. How could anybody blame me then for running away from my home? Had I not left my home in 1913 and come to America, I would have been one of those many thousands of unfortunates who were compelled to dig their own graves and then, shot down, to topple into them. It was my desire for freedom and opportunity and not the thought of easy life which brought me here.

Then why shall we think of the Pilgrim Fathers in humiliating and degrading terms of laziness for their migration to the shores of this land with the hope of finding freedom and the pursuit of happiness?

V. T. ZOGALIAR.

We Assume a New Function

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Minneapolis*

SIR—I cannot remember our home without the weekly visits of the Outlook, although my memory runs back over forty years. For years I subscribed to the Outlook, not only because I loved it, but because its spirit of tolerance, sympathy, patience and serenity helped me immeasurably in the formation of those habits of thought which have contributed to in whatever measure I have led a helpful, useful and happy life. The editors always had definite opinions on vital questions, but permitted differences of temperament, heredity and environment in others to modify such opinions; and they were not propagandists.

Now I subscribe to it, somewhat reluctantly, because I think I need it, just as a dog needs fleas, to prevent him from becoming lazy, good-for-nothing and forgetting that he is only a dog.

Yes! The Outlook has changed from a journal of individual helpfulness to one striving to move the masses—who shall say for better or for worse?

C. E. PURDY.

One Minus One is Zero

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Steubenville, Ohio*

SIR—No, thanks! It isn't the wetness of the Outlook that disturbs me. It is easy for me to tolerate that. But you carry it beyond all reason. One wet article in each issue would be a great plenty, but one on nearly every other page, as though booze were the only interest before the American people today, is more than I can stand.

I have valued your magazine in the past. Last year I got a new subscriber for you. But your childish inability to forget booze is too much for me.

ROSS HARTMAN.

Thank You

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Hamburg*

SIR—Please permit me to congratulate you on your firm, manly and patriotic stand you have taken in regard to prohibition. There is really no other way out of the terrible mess which undermines our nation.

FERDINAND HANSEN.

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